

WEEKLY

JUNE 25, 1956

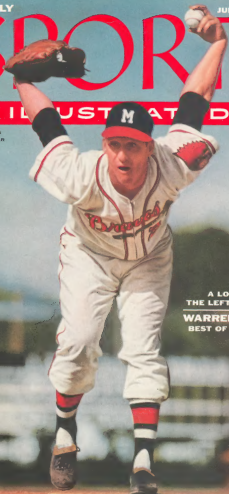
SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

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A LOOK AT
THE LEFT-HANDERS

WARREN SPAHN
BEST OF THEM ALL



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COVER: WARREN SPAHN
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Warren Spahn of the Milwaukee Braves is 36 years old and very possibly approaching the declining years of his fine career as a major league pitcher, but he is still one of the most successful and most impressive of the curious breed called "lefties." For a look at Spahn and other lefties, both historical and current, see *Are Lefties Human?* on page 41.

THE CHASE OF THE DOC AT OAK HILL

Cary Middleburg wins golf's greatest prize, the National Open. By HERBERT WARREN WIND

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Often colorful, sometimes loud, the game is catching on in sunny Italy. By GEORGE WOLLER

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ARE LEFTIES HUMAN?

Who can forget Babe Ruth? asks ROBERT CREAMER. And CLEON WALFOOT tells of southpaw athletes who don't pitch

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PREVIEW: AMERICA'S OLYMPIC TRYOUTS

The top stars are competing in California for Olympic berths, and Roy Terrell reviews the prospects from the scene

AMERICA'S NEW GIBSON GIRL

From paddle ball in Harlem, Althea Gibson has fought her way to Wimbledon. Here is the story of how she did it





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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



FROM THE Winter Games at Cortina beginning last January, through last week's Equestrian Games in Stockholm (see page 48), to the Summer Games in Melbourne ending next December, this Olympic year is truly a year-long story. This issue of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** stands at the halfway mark and seems to me a good place to mention part of what our editors have planned for you during the next few weeks.

You have already met some of the leading characters at close range: the pole vaulters (SI, May 14); John Landy (May 21); Dave Sims (June 4). This week, while Ezra Bowen sizes up the entrants for the Olympic Rowing Trials at Lake Onondaga, N.Y., June 28-30 (page 58), Roy Terrell and Jim Murray report on the NCAA Track Meet at Berkeley and the Interservice championships at Fort MacArthur and preview the National AAU Track and Field Championships at Bakersfield this weekend (page 48).

In next week's SI, with Sprinters Dave Sims and Bobby Morrow on the cover, Terrell will write the *PREFACE* of the Olympic Track and Field Trials at Los Angeles, from which the U.S. team will be selected and for which Berkeley, MacArthur and Bakersfield are final elimination meets. The following week, July 9, SI will have the complete story of the Los Angeles Trials, as well as the rowing results at Onondaga. The remarkable Rader Johnson, who last year broke Bob Mathias' world decathlon record, is the subject of a major article by Coles Phinix in the July 16 issue. Then comes *The Rule is Best*, by David Mayer, an analysis based on track-side observation of the Russians, who are determined this year to upset the traditional U.S. dominance.

This is a partial summary of what SI will bring in only the first of the five months between now and the opening day of the Summer Games on November 22. There will, of course, be much more later: swimming, weight lifting, boxing, among others. For the Olympics, as their symbol has a way of suggesting, are as complicated as a five-ring circus, and a challenge to thorough reporting.

One man who feels SI has met the challenge so far is Figure Skater Hayes Jenkins, who with Tonley Albright won the only gold medals which went to the U.S. at Cortina.

"Just about the best thing at Cortina," he told us recently, "next to being there, was reading the complete story in the SIs you flew over while the Games were on. It was the finest coverage anyone could want, and you don't have to guess how much the members of the team wanted it!"

Harry Phillips

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

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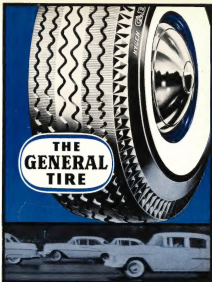
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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



The Question:

*Is cockfighting cruel and sadistic?
(Asked at the Nacional Hotel,
Havana, Cuba.)*

ANGELA WALKER



*Part of Spala
Trinidad, S.W.I.*

No, I adore cockfighting, blood and all. Furthermore, the more bloody a cockfight, the more exciting it gets. When you put two guineas down on one of the cocks you don't mind the blood. You get a run for your money because cockfighting is one sport that can't be fixed.

BILL FILER



*New York
Business executive*

My wife doesn't think so, but I do. She lived in Cuba for years, and she can hang on to a cockfight until both of the bantams dispatch each other with long, sharpened spurs. How can women be so bloodthirsty? When a cock is fighting with an eye hanging out you'd think they'd had it!

MRS. ALLAN M. HINMAN



Met Springs, Va.

No, I'm 73, but I adore cockfighting. My husband and I used to raise bantams. We bred them for courage, but we'd dull their spurs so they couldn't gouge each other's eyes out. Americans are too soft. Too bad parents don't inject the same feeling of gameness when rearing their children.

CAP KRUG



*Washington, D.C.
Former Secretary
of the Interior*

The fight itself is cruel but not sadistic. On the other hand, the sporting atmosphere really makes a cockfight one of the most enjoyable and exciting of sports. The tremendous competitive interest of two cocks locked in combat is something I've never seen in any other sport.

WILLIAM A. MORGAN



*Washington, D.C.
Physician*

I've seen hundreds of cockfights; have won and lost hundreds of dollars on them. The natives are so ritualized that I get into the same mood. Cockfighting was once the only sport. Now that there are other sports, some persons feel above the cockpit. I'm more or less a primitive.

VICE-ADMIRAL BOSS T. MONTONE



*Coronado, Calif.
Physician*

Sadistic? No. Cruel? That's another question. Compared with bullfighting, it's not nearly so cruel, since the nervous system of a cock is not nearly as highly developed. I've never cared for cockfights, but those who like and bet on them consider these fights great spectacles.

W. C. (BILL) DENISON



*Columbus, Ohio
President
Engineering company*

No, I think cockfighting is a *hate* sport. If the cocks could talk they'd probably say prizefighting is cruel and sadistic. No one has to go to a cockfight. Some people enjoy it, others don't. Why should those who don't take the joy out of life for those who do?

JOHN STONE



Airline stewardess

Cockfighting isn't cruel and sadistic as far as the bantams are concerned. Like some humans who don't know any better, they love to fight. But it was cruel and sadistic for my secret to take me to a cockfight. That night I had a nightmare. Bantams clawed me and I woke up screaming.

TOM VASCHN

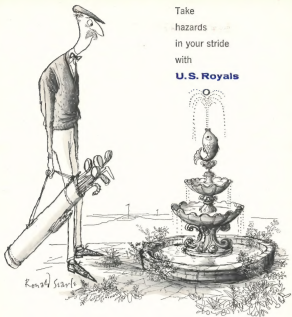


*Vice President and
manager,
National Hotel*

No. Cockfighting is a sport. People like it. If they didn't it couldn't survive. Some Americans think football is brutal. A few baseball fans say it's sadistic for a pitcher to throw at a man's head. Most of us don't agree. So why should we say that cockfighting is cruel?

NEXT WEEK:

*How do you feel about the
out-of-bounds penalty in golf?*



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IMPOSSIBLE SHOTS LIKE THIS ONE RUINED TED KROLL'S CHANCES



ERRATIC PUTTING HINDERED SAM SNEAD AS OPEN JUNE FIELD FIRM

THE CHASE OF THE DOC

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN C. ZIMMERMAN

THE FINAL DAY of the National Open is the most grueling day in American golf and may be, as some assert, the most grueling in American sport. Whereas just about all 72-hole stroke-play tournaments are set up nowadays so that the contestants play one round of 18 holes on each of four days, our Open (along with its British equivalent) still remains a three-day affair, calling for 18 holes on the first day, another 18 on the second and 36 on the third and climactic day. The U.S. Golf Association, which has operated the championship since its inception in 1895, doesn't harbor the slightest idea of changing the tournament's structure. The USGA leaders feel, as they always have,

that endurance should be one of the requisites of a true national champion. There is no doubt that they are right, for it requires a golfer with a game of the first fiber to stand up to the immense physical demands and the accumulative nervous strain of so important an event and to finish the day with his swing, his timing, his touch and his concentration still intact.

A golfer's endurance, as every devotee of the game knows, depends largely on how well he is playing. When he is not hitting the ball, six holes can be fatiguing and 18 is like working on the railroad. Conversely, when he is playing well, golf is a relatively unexhausting game, and the



SANDS OUT OF TRAP HELPED EARLY LEADER PETER THOMSON



DIGGING DEEP WITH HEADDOWN, MIDDLECOFF THWARTS ROUGH SWATH

AT OAK HILL

Cary Middlecoff, the ex-dentist from Memphis, could sip a cool drink and wait while five challengers tried and failed to catch him in the U.S. Open

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

old legs can feel even lighter at the finish than they did at the start. This old golfer's law undoubtedly had a great deal to do with Dr. Cary Middlecoff's splendid victory last week in the 55th National Open at the Oak Hill club in Rochester, N.Y. Throughout the arduous final day, the slim, high-strung Tennessean, who has never felt that stamina was one of his prior possessions, managed to avoid any sustained patches of mediocre play until the very end, and from time to time lifted himself with streaks of real brilliance. In putting together two par-equaling finishing rounds of 70 to go with his opening 71 and 70, Cary was aided by another of golf's celebrated physio-psychological

axioms: on Saturday, the final day, he was the first of the contending players to finish and so enjoyed the considerable advantage of being able to wrap his pants around a cool glass in the clubhouse while his rivals fought their way home with his total, 280, always staring them in the eye.

Middlecoff's winning total—a shot lower than Ben Hogan and Julius Berman were able to manage—amounted to excellent golf on Oak Hill. At first glance the course looked to be much less demanding than those on which the Open has recently been held. It was not a backbreaker. The fairways were comparatively mossy. The greens were devoid of

continued on next page



CHASING THE DOG

continued from page 7

sharp contours. The rough was neither matted nor stally nor overly high. For the first time in the memory of men, the entire roster of entrants pronounced the Open course an eminently fair test. This era of good feeling continued even when it later became apparent that the "fat" greens were filled with subtle, hard-to-read runs and breaks, that the rough was a good deal rougher than it seemed, and that, furthermore, there was only one hole, the 127-yard 14th, that could be classified as an "easy par." Robert Trent Jones, the golf architect who has reshaped a number of courses for national championships and who was in charge of the remodeling, turned in at Oak Hill one of his most tasteful jobs. Among other things, the numerous fairway and green traps which Jones added or reshaped had just the proper degree of severity. These traps, incidentally, were filled with fine, gleaming silicon sand, purchased as rejected material from glass mills, and they shone like Merion's famous "White Faces."

For certain, Oak Hill is one of the prettiest courses on which the Open has been held in recent years. Green and crisp, it twirls over softly undulating land, with clusters of red and white oaks, maples, lindens and evergreens lining the fairways. Enhancing this natural, old-fashioned aspect is a rippling brook, a canal-fed branch of Allen's Creek, which meanders hither and yon around the layout. On the first two days of the tournament, when the temperature hovered around 96° and the humidity was just what the laundry ordered, the setting and the seating conjured up the feeling of the heavy, old American summers when people sat on their front porches and watched the Hupmobiles go by. One group of spectators who obviously felt the heat was a quartet who mistakenly wandered from the 14th hole not to the 14th but onto the adjacent Irondequoit course. They had watched a couple of four-series of weekend 96-shooters go by (and had commented haughtily that they could do as well as these pros) before they began to get hot.

On the first two days Middlecoff—and, mind you, he has probably been the world's best golfer since his victory in the 1932 Masters—never looked more impressive. His lead-off 71 was accomplished despite a 7 on the 4th where he took five shots to get down after hitting two good woods on that par 5. He collected himself instantly with a birdie. His 70 on the second round likewise contained a 7, this one incurred on the 11th, a 468-yard par 5 converted into a superb par 4 for the tournament. Here Cary dumped his approach into one of the two traps which flank the narrow entrance to the green. He fluffed his first recovery, hit a so-so second and then 8-putted. This triple bogey came as something of a shock to Middlecoff's gallery, for up to that

TOP FINISHERS AT ROCHESTER

Jack Middlecoff	76	78	86	89—289
Ben Hogan	70	88	83	91—282
Julius Boros	76	85	83	90—282
Peter Thomson	78	80	79	91—288
Tom Kite	70	78	86	91—285
Ed Furgott	76	78	83	91—288
Samuel Palmer	70	78	83	91—287
Ken Venturi	77	78	84	91—289
Wesley Ellis	76	78	83	91—288
Sam Snead	70	78	79	91—288
Jerry Barber	72	80	84	91—288

LAST PUTT of tournament is faced by Middlecoff with crunched concentration. Holing out, relieved stamp marks tension's end.

point the only significant mistake he had made was missing a short putt on the 8th for his only bogey of the round. Lifting heavily to starboard as in his style, he had arched one successful approach after another within easy birdie distance of the cup, dropping the ball on the green as softly as Vardon ever did. Had he been putting, he could well have been around in 65.

Cary's halfway total of 141 placed him two shots behind the leader, Peter Thomson of Australia. On the last day he caught Thomson, with whom he happened to be paired, on the 42nd hole and kept on rolling despite a tendency in the morning to push his drives off line and a continuing affliction for the rough in the afternoon. He missed shots here and there but never the critical ones. He kept getting his figures. He faltered, however, down the stretch, going one over par on both the 74th and the 75th but pulled himself together just in the nick of time on the home hole, a 449-yard par 4 that belongs to the right to an abruptly placated green. After hooking his drive into the rough and underhitting his second into the rough short and to the left of the green, Cary played a very fine mullap with his pinching wedge four feet from the pin. He holed the putt for his 4. The stroke heaved on the 52nd, as much as any one stroke, was the stroke that represented his margin of victory.

One man who had no chance to catch Middlecoff was Sam Snead, who again played a most disappointing Open. Sam digested his opening round of 75 with admirable equanimity, and on the second day was on the verge of catching fire when he hooked the 6th and 10th to go one under par. He halted his rush, typically, by 3-putting the 11th, failing to tap a two-footer up to the cup. He came back with another bird on the 12th and then his surge expired when he reverted to his old habits and 3-putted the long 18th. Though he saved only seven strokes off Thomson's pace with 86 to go, Sam was never a threat on the final day, for he was irked by the fact that he was given the last starting time which also meant playing in the day's only thermone. He went to the first tee in a petulant mood and never recovered his purpose.

Five men had a chance to catch Middlecoff on the final day—Peter Thomson, Wesley Ellis, Ben Hogan, Julius Boros and Ted Kroll. How they tried and how they failed constituted the real drama of the tournament.

HOGAN CLOSE

Thomson, the intelligent and appealing young Australian who had won the last two British Opens, lost his opportunity when his game suddenly went sour on the last three holes of the morning round and he needed away four strokes to par. If there was any one hole that did it, it was the 16th, a 441-yard par 4, on which he took a 6. If there was any one shot that did it, it was his third. Completely mis-hitting what appeared to be a routine wedge shot from a shallow trap at the left edge of the green, Peter skulled the ball over the green and into the trap off the right edge. He came out nicely, this time 10 feet from the hole, but then he missed the putt that would have saved his 6 and which, had he been able to hole it, would surely have gone a long way toward erasing from his mind the sting and the memory of that first mis-hit trap shot. We shall be seeing a lot more of Thomson, who could easily develop into the outstanding player of the next decade.

Next there was Wesley Ellis, a 26-year-old Texan who is now a professional at a club in New Jersey, a rangy, Morinian Rockwell sort of young man who grew up on the Breckenridge Park Municipal Course in San Antonio where the 12th hole runs some 50 yards away from the front door

of his family's home. At Oak Hill, Ellis played three steady rounds of 71-74-71 which placed him only one shot behind Middlecoff, the leader, with the big fourth round coming up. His challenge was over after his very first shot on this last round. In his effort to belt an extra-long drive on the first hole, another long par 4 that was playing very long after the heavy rain on Friday night, young Ellis cut the ball just a fraction, and the left-to-right cross-wind shoved it just beyond the cone-of-bushes markers that patrol the fairway along the right.

And then there was Hogan. Making his third attempt to become the first man ever to win the National Open five times, the great, great champion—the back of his neck burned the color of truck-bed after countless hours on the practice tee—was playing the 14th on 19th, at the moment Middlecoff posted his 261. A quick tabulation showed that Ben needed one birdie and par on the rest of the final five holes to match Middlecoff's mark. A delicate pinch and a three-footer on the 14th gave Ben the birdie, so now one more birdie would win for him, par in the 15th. The Spectators

continued on page 24

GRIN FACED Ben Hogan made great bid to catch Middlecoff but missed three last putt on 71st, just failed 25-holes on 72nd.



DIVING THE SKY

Moscow will be host to the world's best civilian aeronauts in July

DURING THE WEEK, 27-year-old Jacques André Iteal of suburban New York is a perfect gray-flannel model of a public relations executive, but on his weekends Jacques Iteal escapes from his gray-flannel world in a Cessna monoplane. As the Cessna makes a level pass at 5,500 feet, Iteal steps out on the wheel and gives the pilot a sign. Then, with arms and legs spread, he falls, face down, into the sky.

In one second Iteal is 15 feet below the plane; in another second, 62 feet. Every second he falls faster and faster until, in the 12th second, he has dropped 1,458 feet and reached his maximum speed, 125 miles an hour. The ground does not rush up at him. The wind does not whistle or tear at his clothing. "The ground is still another world," Iteal describes it. "The air seems thicker. It has the feel of water, and you feel as free as a bird." At this birdlike moment Iteal is actually plummeting about as fast as a crated piano, but he retains his poise, body horizontal to the ground and arms out. He shifts one arm forward, twists at the waist

and begins a smooth circle. Shifting the opposite arm forward, Iteal does a reverse circle. After completing two such figure eights Iteal has been flying free for 30 seconds and has fallen almost a mile. He pulls the rip cord and swings evenly down under the opening parachute, pulling the risers to slip the chute toward a cross mark on the ground.

There are about 500 Americans like Jacques Iteal who enjoy the sport of sky diving. The rest of the country, which barely knows the sport exists, is apt to associate sky diving with military jumping or with the bawling horses who dip and flap to woe carnival crowds. Military jumpers who blossom like milkweed pods from the static lines of cargo planes are maneuvering only the tail end of a safe parachute jump. The sky diver gets the experience of opening his own chute (which every military jumper might one day have to do). The sky diver must be able to achieve a perfectly stable, horizontal body position in three seconds and maintain it for another 27 seconds—not tumbling or spinning out in the tragic fashion that can kill a jumper. A sky diver learns to use his limbs as appendages airborne to maneuver and pull his rip cord within a tenth of a second of a predetermined time, and, finally to slip his chute, not toward the nearest safe area but to dead center of a cross mark.

This summer Sky Diver Iteal has one target almost constantly in mind. If the National Aeronautic Association's appeal for funds continues successfully, a U.S. team will be competing for the first time in the world parachuting championship in late July, and, as team captain, Iteal will be sky diving through the air over Moscow. The U.S. team is completely nonmilitary, and while it has only a long-shot chance against the defending Russian champions and the expert French, in one respect it is as truly All-American as any team entered in any competition. Excluding Sky Diver George Stone, a jubilant little Ohioan who earns his living as a stopclock and often breaks into song while dangling in the air, the U.S. team has no prosaic in its occupations as a cross section of a drive-in movie audience. In addition to Iteal, there are Floyd Hobby, an Ohio auto mechanic who first jumped more than 50 years ago from rooftops using gunny sacks; George Roworth, a sewing machine repairman from Buffalo; Lyle Hoffman, an upholsterer

continued on page 85

STEEK STAYS ON CHUTE TOWARD TARGET AFTER PULLING RIP CORD

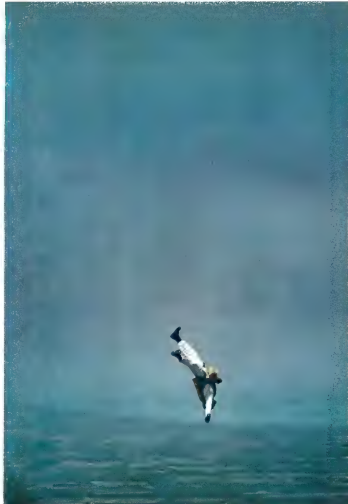


CRUCIAL MOMENT OF A SKY DIVE

The rules allow a sky diver only three seconds to achieve a stable horizontal body position such as that of Jacques Iteal pictured in the first second of a dive on the opposite page. As shown on the next two pages Iteal almost loses control, plunging head first, but by arching his back he regains control, and in the picture on page 14 is falling properly again, ready to release chute.









EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

THE MOST FOR GOLF • LEND-LEASE AND EYEBROWS IN THE HORSE
SET • THE METEOROLOGY OF SEPTEMBER 1937 • DR. SUMMERSKILL
RETREATS • TRAVELS OF MR. CARRO (CONT'D) • INVASION NOTES

THE FAN

AS THE COUNTRY'S top golfers lofted their second shots (usually) onto the 18th green at Rochester Saturday, a golfer of lesser talent but equal zeal watched with satisfaction from a bed at Walter Reed Hospital.

President Eisenhower, watching the last holes on TV, kept a public figure's silence on any private favorite. Press Secretary Jim Hagerty (another golfer of modest skill) reported the President hoped "the best man wins." The golfers at Rochester wished the President as well as he wished them. They signed and sent him an evening postcard. Its message: "To Ike, who has done the most for golf—get well fast."

ADMERATION AT STOCKHOLM

BARON DE COURENTIN's theory that the Olympic Games he restored in 1896 would foster peaceful good fellowship has turned out to be right about as often as it has been wrong. For example, at the Olympic Equestrian games in Stockholm last week an American groom and some neighboring Russians chummed around while an Englishman and some Egyptians almost rioted over an eyelash.

A thin green partition was the only barrier at Stockholm's Royal Horseguard Barracks between a sturdy Russian chestnut stallion named Pereskop and Mud Dauber, one of the best of American horses. Mud Dauber's groom, Chicagoan Larry Prentice, learned to like his Russian neighbors although he never mastered their names or understood anything they said. Diplomatic relations opened when Prentice lent a Russian groom a penknife when one of Pereskop's stirrup leathers needed an emergency repair. The

encouraged Russians then established a kind of general lend-lease arrangement to borrow a comb to braid the chestnut's mane on Presentation Day, an iron to clean his hoofs and the penknife a second time. Prentice thought it all proved something more than that Russian steel production is evidently not going into penknives. Said he: "These Russians seem good guys. Sometimes are pretty well the same all over the world." Said a Russian: "We get along well. . . . We often borrow things and Americans don't seem at all suspicious when we ask for things."

Although they earned their reputation for sociability, the Russians found it was being exaggerated. They modestly disclaimed a rumor that they were trying to date the English girls. "All we said to them," explained the

Russians, "was 'Queen Elizabeth! Queen Elizabeth!'" This sort of interlingual salute—a shade more advanced than sign language—is now recognized as a standard Russian expression of admiration. American athletes preparing for the Winter Olympics (assumed, and no doubt properly, to be admirers of New Orleans music) were greeted with Russian cries of "Louis Armstrong—good!" (SL Jan. 28).

Meanwhile, another gesture of admiration at Stockholm caused a Pier Nine brawl at the Horseguard Barracks.

A Turkish groom, *overcome* with the top British horse, Kilbarr, wandered into the English stable and tried to pluck one of his eyelashes for a souvenir. Naturally, perhaps, the English groom charged the Turk.

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Favorites' Day

Favored Noodles, favored Cornell and favored Cary Middlecoff was three of the year's to parents: the Belmont Stakes, the Kentucky Hapatta and the National Open. All three let action set the early pace but closed strong—with Noodles making his move from dead last, Cornell and Middlecoff from third.

• Homework for Judges

Illinois hating judges and referees—the chaps who made Johnny Sauton welterweight champ last March—have been ordered by State Athletic Commission Chairman Frank Oliver to attend a schooling clinic.

• New Brave in Milwaukee

German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, stopping off in Milwaukee last week, confessed to a boyhood desire to be adopted into an American Indian tribe. After the ceremony Adenauer pulled a peace pipe, fingered his full Indian headband and asked if he was now a chief. The answer: "In Milwaukee it's better to be a Brave."

• Quoted Chief

Next day, Milwaukee's Charlie Grimes found out the truth of what Adenauer had been told. Out as baseball chief went Cholly, whose Braves have been weakening. In as his successor went Coach Fred Haney, jovial manager of last year's collar-bound Pittsburgh Pirates.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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Thereupon, some obviously Pan-Islamic Egyptians quartered next door came bucketing to the Turk's assistance and jumped for the Englishman. Fortunately the Swedes, experts at armed neutrality in recent history, moved in with even greater force and mounted archbats to protect everybody, Kilbarray included.

THE WEATHER AND SO HOMERS

THERE is a small, devotedly analytical group of baseball fans who maintain that nobody—not Mickey Vernon, not anybody—is going to beat Babe Ruth's home run record of 60 in the 1927 season! until the weather is right. It is a question of physics, these metaphysicians say: a baseball travels farther through hot, thin air than through cold, dense air. Therefore the prime record-breaking requirements are a gifted slugger and a prolonged heat wave. (Last year's heat wave was a marvel of length but not dry enough; relative humidity is a factor too.)

Accordingly, SI has consulted that repository of baseball statistics, the United States Weather Bureau, to see what slugging conditions were in New York and Boston in September 1927. That was the month and those were the cities in which Babe Ruth hit 16 of his last 17.

Boston, sure enough, was hot and dry. The temperature held steady in the 80s while Ruth slammed them out at Fenway Park: three homers on the 4th, two on the 7th. "There was a deficiency in wind velocity, relative humidity and cloudiness but a large excess in sunshine," the weather man noted under "Remarks."

Then the Yankees returned to New York and the picture changed to one of pleasant Indian summer with the tang of fall. "Favorable weather . . . for farm work and the maturing of crops," the weather man observed, and every afternoon at 2, while Ruth was on duty at Yankee Stadium, the weather boys were reading their instruments at the U. S. weather station in Manhattan.

The average of those 8 o'clock readings was a mere 73°; the relative humidity averaged 58°;—not really high enough to help, not really high enough to hinder. Yet Ruth managed to belt 11 homers.

No claim is offered here that the Air Density Method of home run hitting has been demolished by SI's researches. Still, theorists in search of a new theory

might do well to consider sunspots and magnetic fields and to look again at Sept. 8, 1927, the date of a double-header in Boston. In the fifth inning of the first game young Lou Gehrig hit his 48th home run of the season, which put him one ahead of his teammate, the mighty and mighty competitor Babe Ruth. In the sixth inning the Babe drew even with Gehrig's score by driving his own No. 45 out of Fenway Park; in the seventh he took the lead again, putting No. 46 into the right-field bleachers. In the ninth of the second game he hit No. 47. It was the only day of that wonderful year when Babe Ruth hit three home runs.

And that night, the records of the Weather Bureau show, the aurora borealis flashed with a rare and startling brilliance over Boston.

ABOLITION AND THE IRISHMAN

EXHORTING the Arabs to cease their polygamous ways, advocating wages for housewives and attacking bacon and eggs for breakfast as "merely a fad" are a few of the doctrines which have brought Dr. Edith Summerskill to the attention of her countrymen since she became a Labour Party member of Parliament in 1918. The other day, tall, angular-faced Dr. Summerskill mounted a platform and flailed away at another of her pet targets—beeing. The occasion: a press conference announcing publication of her book, *The Ignoble Art*.

While 50-odd guests, mostly sportswriters opposed to her views, squirmed in their chairs, Dr. Summerskill held aloft a human skull and launched into a medical dissertation. Each jarring blow to a beaver's head causes his wits to collide with the sphenoidal ridge, she declared, and this can lead to cuts and subsequent hemorrhages which eventually make him punch drunk. "I ask you," she said, "why promoters don't put their own sons in the ring?" The opposition appeared impressed.



Perhaps sensing her advantage, Dr. Summerskill turned to her other arguments for abolition: beeing's appeal is strictly to the base, aggressive instincts of man, nobody ever came away from a match a finer person, and the sport makes no contribution whatever to civilization. But this broad sweep brought on the questions.

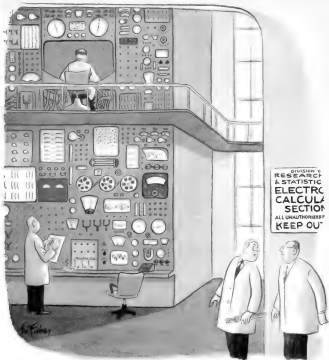
Up stood a young and attractive woman reporter who wanted to know just how Dr. Summerskill proposed to sublimate aggressive male instincts. Answered Dr. Summerskill, possibly remembering the Arabs: "Men are also polygamous by instinct, but if you said they could have three or four wives because they are physiologically capable, they would be outraged, because they have established a proper code of behavior." Sniffed the lady reporter: "You just want the British male to be rather wet." Beeing writer George Whiting of the *London Evening Standard* had a question: "Do you condemn the Duke of Edinburgh for encouraging beeing in boys' clubs?" Answer: "That isn't very fair of you, Mr. Whiting." Mr. Whiting reconsidered, gallantly sat down.

That might have been the end of it, but there was an Irishman in the room. He was Dr. Mike Leahy, 74, erstwhile Irish amateur heavyweight champion who lost a leg at Moss with the 11th Hussars and has been a physician for 50 years. "I am in the most frightful opposition to you, madam," he said with tongue-rich politeness, "and if I were dealing with a man I would deal otherwise." Face growing redder, Leahy stormed on: "Your book presents only one side of the question. I have spent a great part of my life in the haunts of beavers, and finer fellows you couldn't meet. I also got well and truly hammered, but it did me a lot of good." The Empire, he reminded her, was made by men with fighting instincts. "Are we going to become a nation of niggers? I hope the art you describe as ignoble will survive long after you and I are gone. And if there is no fighting in heaven, I don't want to go there."

In a quieter tone, Old Heavyweight Leahy added that despite his fighting instincts he was a peace-loving man. "There you are!" cried Dr. Summerskill triumphantly, reaching out her hands. "You've delivered yourself into my arms!" Dr. Leahy reached out his own arms and advanced with the look of a man about to offer a handsy aggressive embrace. Dr. Summerskill fled to lunch.

TRAVELER (CONT.)

THE MEANING of Frank Carbo, who knows his way around the dark alleys of boxing, are of continuing interest to those who hope to follow intelligently a sport which, like an iceberg, is partly submerged. To resume, then, a travelogue in which we last saw Carbo holding forth in Houston and



"Pass the word: Lucky Lady is the stork."

holding court in New Orleans (31, June 11) it is necessary to report that he was in Boston for the Tony DeMarco-Vince Martines flight and seemed well pleased with DeMarco's victory.

He returned to New York by train, traveling with an entourage of three men and two women, one of whom addressed him as "Honey" and had tastefully treated her hair to match his own white locks. Carlo wore a gray suit of subdued silk and addressed himself for

the most part to an (very transistor radio, which he held to his ear and from which he obtained the scores of the various Sunday baseball games. These he relayed generously to the attentive members of his party.

What he did not relay was that he, Blinky Palermo and others had decided in a Boston Hotel room that welterweight Champ Johnny Saxton would meet DeMarco for the championship in August or September.

But Frankie's friends probably already knew the score on that.

THE END AT SALEM

IN THE FINAL, 25-lap sprint of the afternoon over the half-mile asphalt track at Salem, Ind., the yellow No. 1 car whirled through the straightaway and tried to squeeze between the outside rail and another car. But one of

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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Its wheels brushed the rail, and the car went careening down an embankment. When the rescuers pulled him out, Driver Bob Sweetkurt was unconscious from skull injuries, and he died minutes after reaching a hospital.

Sweetkurt, the 1935 winner, thus became the 11th of the 28 Indianapolis "500" champions to die behind the wheel of a racing car. At the age of 30 he had just hit the peak of a career that started 10 years ago in Hayward, Calif., where he had opened a small garage and started racing midgets after quitting the University of Southern California. This year Sweetkurt seemed to be in clover. He had established himself in Indianapolis, bought his own sprint car and signed to drive in the big-car races for some wealthy local businessmen who had the very finest equipment. He and his new associates were already planning to build their own grand prix car which Bob would take on the European circuit in 1937.

Equally important, Bob Sweetkurt had grown into an intelligent and articulate leader of his craft, a man the other drivers depended on for the best in judgment and sportsmanship. His pretty wife Dolores, who watched the tragedy, said of her husband only recently: "Bob is a race driver and always will be. He'd never quit. I'd never ask him to. I'm a race driver's wife."

G-2 ESTIMATE

A routine athletic invasion of Britain will get off this week when the pick of America's best collegiate court tennis players (see page 84) fly to England for five weeks of competition with practitioners of the race and complicated sport over there. Proud as they are of the chance to measure their game overseas, the young Americans indicated the other day that they are abysmally uninformed about the quality—even the identity—of the opposition that awaits them. Through its London Bureau, SI gladly furnishes a sort of G-2 estimate of the situation:

Too bad the information wasn't asked for earlier. If it had been, you'd have been better prepared for the invasion. Might not even have attempted it. For one thing, the English know a good deal about you. Various members of England's Tennis and Rackets Association have taken time off from Stock Exchange dealings and interrupted other high-level decisions to prepare an

exhaustive, possibly exhausting, itinerary. Matches and practice sessions will be sandwiched into an almost continuous round of high-class English hospitality. There will be trips to Windsor Castle and Blenheim, with time out for tea, cocktails, dinner, supper and theater parties. In his office at 3 Lombard Street, Banker Maurice Baring, top strategist of the island defenders, says with undisguised satisfaction of the American invasion: "It should provide some interesting sport."

Don't be deceived by stories that players outside London are not very good. Point to bear in mind about English court tennis is that while few players are widely known, the general level of play is high. The game is taught and played regularly at Oxford (where powerful young Michael Coulman is the man to watch out for) and Cambridge (where Australian Michael Seely looks like a coming champion), but the 16 matches at distant provincial clubs do not mean easier competition. The local players are mostly ex-Oxford and ex-Cambridge champions, now older, more seasoned and hungry for new competition.

At Holyport, a small hamlet near Maidenhead, you gentlemen are put down for "a pleasant weekend in matches against the local club." But Holyport is the home of David Warburg, now in his 30s, the runner-up to the British amateur champion. On paper your game with the Canford School should be a relief, since court tennis players improve with age, and these are two-age preparatory school beginners. But at Canford there is a

phenomenon in court tennis history, 17-year-old Roger Paine. A cricketer, Rugby and hockey star, he has taken up court tennis and so far has beaten every adult pitted against him.

It's going to be pretty much the same story all over England. Morys Bruce, the present British champion, is the son of Lord Aberdare, the former champion, and has a high-angled lob shot that spins off the pantheon at baffling angles. Robert Rensley, another former champion, is a massive English athlete with a powerful right hitting arm and a deadly reverse railroad cut serve. Lord Gullen has a faultlessly classic style demonstrated in fantastically brilliant strokes.

That's all, gentlemen. Doubtless you will enjoy Lord Coleraine's hospitality at Westminster, Lady Mary Barleigh's ball, the home of Sir Charles Ross at Pangbourne, and Lord Salisbury's ancestral mansion. At Lords you will find that every player has his own dressing room and bath, plus a dressing table on which repose brushes for suit, hair and bowtie, as well as a shoehorn, button-hook and pin cushion. When you return to your dressing room after your match with a combined Oxford-Cambridge team at Lords, you will find your clothes meticulously folded, and a bath drawn to exactly the right temperature while you were on the court. Touches like these distinguish English court tennis, and are particularly helpful in assuaging the sting of defeat.

DON'T SEND A BOY

WHEN a trotting horse named Paul Jackson won his race handily at the Lebanon, Ohio Raceway and then dunked his urinalysis test with a really horrendous showing of caffeine, the Ohio State Racing Commission rose in wrath and suspended the horse's owner, Jule M. Louisa of Fayetteville. Then a scrap of information turned up which caused the racing commissioners, with fine understanding and barely hidden smiles, to reinstate Mr. Louisa.

Two grooms were in charge of the horse after the race. One of them, feeling ill, left the barn; the other turned over the job of collecting postrace saliva and urine specimens to a 16-year-old boy and went out for a bucket of water.

The boy was willing, even eager to please, but inexperienced in handling horses. And so—well, it was the boy, not the horse, who dunked the urine test. And he—the boy—had drunk 3½ bottles of Coca-Cola and a cup of black coffee.



TROPHY

The tarpon struggled manfully. It wanted so to win! The fisherman was forced, alas, if it could get him in.

—P. E. Wynn



OLYMPIAN SPLASH

Open-mouthed with the shock of their spill at a rugged water jump in the cross-country phase of the Equestrian Olympics at Stockholm, Finland's R. A. Ruottila and his mount, Lamora, scramble for dry land. The water jump was only one of many intricate tests of horsemanship that drew a royalty-studded crowd (see following pages) for the eight-day program

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

BY ALL ROADS TO STOCKHOLM

With the Olympic flames from Greece, horses and riders from Caracas to Cambodia and an enthusiastic outpouring of European royalty, Stockholm was the capital of the equestrian world last week. A king, two queens, princess and princesses saw Germans, Swedes and Britons ride off with all the gold medals; the U.S. team failed to place in any event. For a full account of the Games, see page 48

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN KOPPEL



LILLA RABIN LINDBERG BRINGS FLAME TO THE OPENING CEREMONY



QUEEN ELIZABETH, PRINCE PHILIP (RIGHT) SIT IN THE ROYAL BOX



KING GUSTAF VI ADOLF AND QUEEN (CENTER), CROWN PRINCE (RIGHT)



SWISS ENTRY LUNGES AT MIDPOINT OF CROSSING SEVENTY-FOUR-MILE LOG OBSTACLE IN THE GREEN-GRAUNYER TEST. THE HORSE THEN LEAPED OFF



BRITAIN'S LEAD MOUNTAINBICOR (LEFT) WATCH JUMP



RUSSIAN TEAM, STALLED NEXT TO AMERICANS, DID SURPRISINGLY WELL IN THE JUMPS



THE GRIMACE OF PAIN—AND TWO

The fourth runner from the right is Dava Sims of Duke at the instant of pulling a groin muscle during the 200-meter dash at the NCAA meet in Berkeley, Calif.

last Saturday. As Sims grimaces in pain his oblivious rival in the next lane, Bobby Morrow of Abilene Christian (fifth from right), spurts on to eventual victory—



PHOTOGRAPH BY LONNIE WILSON

OLYMPIC TITLES IN THE BALANCE

after Sims staggered, slowed and stopped. By a chain of consequences, the injured Sims, who has run the fastest 220 ever, is expected to miss the AAU meet this

weekend and thus his last official chance to qualify June 28-30 for an Olympics 200-meter berth. It could also hobble him in the 100-meter trials (see page 46)

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

IN ANY LANGUAGE . . .



"GROSS-BALL" IS UMPIRE'S SHINY DESIGN



TRICKY CAN THIS BE POSSIBLE? STERNED CATCHER ASKS THE IMPLACABLE ARMSTRONG



IT'S STILL A RHUBARB



DISORDERLY CONDUCT: UMP ARVES ENDS

Baseball has been a part of the national scene in Italy for only a short while—since the Americans invaded Salerno in 1943. It still must go a long way to catch up to the U.S. brand of play, but in one department, the rhubarb, it ranks second to none. The word closest to rhubarb in Italian is “zuffa,” which means tussle or scrimmage. For an account of what caused the magnificent zuffa in the recent Class C game between two Roman rivals pictured on these pages and for a general run-down on the state of Italian baseball today turn the page

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY LUCIANO



DRAMA ENDS in disabled. Mismatched pitcher (far left) can take it no longer, top—umpire on coast. Arves, falling back when, is trained for a number.



THE HISTORIC TIGER RIVER PLAYING PLACE:LY DIRECTLY BEHIND HILL, QUARTICHOLO BATTER PARK, AND WITH A WINDING COURSE OF BAT

BASEBALL THE ROMAN WAY

by **GEORGE WELLER**

American soldiers brought it and a growing corps of Italians love it. What they lack in skill, they make up for in spirit

THIS SPRING at Venice a passenger in a gondola to Murano, the island where exquisite glass has been spun since the 15th century, saw a sight to mystify a doge. It was noon, hot and still. But the men who pump bellows and stroke fires for the glass blowers were not fishing or swimming in the green lagoon. They were capering around a glass-littered wharf, playing a game with a broom handle and a rubber ball. "We saw some American soldiers playing the game," the appentice said, "and we remembered how."

This sort of thing has been going on in Italy since 1943, when baseball therofly invaded the country. Mussolini's Fascist encyclopedia had tried to bury the game as "a violent sport." Three times baseball rose and expired; in 1919

when Turin and Rome saw their first games and were bored, in the middle '20s when baseball faded again for the same reason and in the late '30s when physical instructors were sent to the States to learn it from, of all people, Bernard MacFadden.

The slow start was due mainly, besides politics, to the "4,000 rules" that supposedly encumbered the game. Italians were used to soccer, basketball, polo, field hockey and billiards, games where "the ball scores the point." To chase a ball all over a field with their eyes and then learn that nothing had happened to the score left their theatrical sense in a muddle. Later in the Duce's Hitler period, baseball was automatically ridiculed as vulgarly American. Italy's Communists snub

the game today for the same reason; they fear it. With some 2,000 players who know baseball, and at least 100,000 fans, all with one eye on the U.S., the Communists have an enemy which is growing dangerously.

At the time of the invasion, American baseball was full of easy, natural names like Rizzuto, DiMaggio and Cosselli. The fact obviously impressed Italian youth. Moreover, the conquerors were eager to share the keys of the kingdom. Italian baseball came gradually into the hands of unpaid American volunteers: dandereed sergeants, black-robed seminarians and bibiana-shirted embassy clerks. Italy got two leagues and soon found it needed three. Today the eight big league teams are still coached for the

most part by Americans, but as players the Yankees are quietly being supplanted by a home-grown corps. Each team is allowed three Americans, but only two can take the field at a time and the pitcher must be Italian.

This casual heritage has given baseball about a hundred American fans. The official Adam, however, is an Italian, Max Ottorino di Milan, a plump, bald importer. Max, after learning the game at college in the U.S., shortened his name to Ott. He heavily put on the first cobble in Turin and Rome. His delayed triumph came on June 26, 1948, when Milan saw his first game of league baseball. Two years later Max was elected "father of Italian baseball." Through his insistence the hardball game of the north gradually supplanted the softball game from Rome. For reasons of decency the game was temporarily renamed *palibacco*. *Base* was as close to *bacio*, meaning a kiss, that any game, retold, sounded like a night scene from Boccaccio. A ball is called a *palla*, which offends nobody.

Max was the inspiring the-bulldozers came later, postwar. Baseball in Italy today owes its organization to an Italian nobleman, its rules and poetry to an Italo-American consular officer, its fire and sportsmanship to an American cemetery keeper. The nobleman is Prince Steno Borghese, a stubby, 44-year-old sportsman who heads both the Italian federation and the all-European league. Prince Borghese, who happened to own a large estate at Nettuno, saw the game first under Nazi rule a few days after American troops staggered ashore in the bloody Anzio and Nettuno landings of 1944.

"I very well remember," he says today, "how we stared at the G.I.s who were playing with a ball, throwing it to each other, wearing gloves. Our first impression was, 'What a childish game! Is it possible they find it amusing?'" Captivated, the prince surrendered a valuable beachside acreage to make the first, best and only exclusively baseball diamond Italy possesses.

The rule-maker is Louis Campo, an intense but amiable New Yorker turned Italian who works for the State Department and manages and coaches Ambrosiana, a B League club of Milan. At 46 Campo still substitutes at second, often making a smooth double play with his 15-year-old shortstop. His team once surprised him with a special diploma: "To Dr. Luigi Campo who, at age 42, stole home." Lou's real achievement, however, has been in translating the rules and persuading our embassy to print and distribute

them. To show that baseball could be gay, Campo translated *Conny* at the flat into Milanese dialect, making it *El Baseball a la Sforza*. Now he is trying to adapt the rules to Italy's independence. He wants Americans barred from catcher or shortstop, "to encourage Italian rookies at these positions."

But the American must hallowed is the Great McGarity, a thin, earnest G.I. married to an Italian girl, who came back to Nettuno in 1959 to supervise the softball cemetery for our 7,862 dead. Monroe J. McGarity, a basketballer from Babylon, L.I., saw in baseball something to knit Italy and America together better than paper parts or perpetual handouts. When his grave-diggers asked to graduate from soft to hard, McGarity agreed to coach them. What won the Italians was partly his tough discipline, but mostly his modesty. "When Mac didn't know something," the players say today, "he would stop practice, say 'Wait,' take the book of rules out of his hip pocket and look up the answer, then read it to us." Nettuno, under McGarity, won the national title three out of four years. The fact that a team from a town of 12,000 could beat Lazio and Roma, the richer teams of the huge capital, piqued the Italians. Soon no mother at Nettuno could find her rolling pin (Italian rolling pins resemble bats). Soccer balls were turned inside out to make gloves. The Nettunese called McGarity *Il Mago*, the sorcerer, as if he could brew love philtres and steer the evil eye. But the Battle Monuments Commission, his employer, saw McGarity only through a dim haze of efficiency reports. He was accused of using the Pentagon's sacred water sprinklers on Borghese's base paths. When McGarity lost heart and went home, the bureaucrats saved their machinery at the price of a million dollars in good will.



ARTIFICIAL TEMPERAMENT of Italians is reflected in stacked bats before game.

Italy's games are as unpredictable as her volcanoes. When an umpire knuckles, down from the seething bleachers rolls a wave of molten abuse. To delay an umpire-hungry crowd, every diamond is supposed to be fenced and guarded by police. As an extra deterrent, whenever the lava runs wild, Prince Borghese's federation fines the home team. When an Italian manager jumps from the bench and begs the crowd for *aiuto*, he is trying to save not only the umpire but the gate receipts. The umpires, paid only 85c to \$1.60 a game plus their second-class travel expenses, face the crowds with the dedicated fatalism of gladiators.

On a diamond within foul tip of the Tiber, opposite Mussolini's Olympic Forum, a game was played recently between Quarciciale, a dusty town-ment cluster facing the Sabine Hills, and Universita, a team of precollegiate hopefuls. Both teams belong to Series C, the biggest and lowest league in Italy, which has 11 accredited teams and 18 new ones learning the game.

END WITH A SMOOTFUL

Down on this mudlot level hits are frequent, errors numberless. Thrown unpredictable and games last a long time. Five innings is the required length, as against seven for the B league and a full nine for the top clubs. Instead of going five innings, however, Q vs. U ran only three. It ended, not with cheers of good will, as ordained, but a punch in the nose. Though I neither gave nor received the terminal punch—the victim was *il arbitro*, the umpire—I learned why Italian umpires always remain hidden in anonymity until 30 minutes before game time and why they sometimes depart still wearing chest pad and mask and walking rather quickly.

Two days before the game I found the Q's at home working out in an eroded gulch about 40 yards long, 50 wide and 10-15 feet deep. In this coffin-shaped dump their coach, Aldo Fortini, a dark, irascible longhander in a beer factory, was giving them infield practice. The grassless surface was stippled with broken crockery, animal bones and bits of clocks, stoves, scooters and trucks. When Aldo cracked a grounder toward the infielders, it jittered like a pinball in a machine, making them jiggle too. "Dov'è?" (two hands), cried Aldo over and over. The Q's called their home simply *la casa*, Roman dialect for *bar*, *hole*.

Aldo, letting me take his usual place as catcher behind some base, noticed

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ROMAN BASEBALL

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my efforts to pull in the long pags from Fontana, the outfield. "Every throw has a fishhook, you notice," he muttered. "They throw sideways. I tell 'em, 'Practice overhead in front of a mirror.' But they say, 'A shoving mirror!'"

The Q's can't afford a better base because their dues of 18¢ a week aren't enough to hire a vacant lot. This lament is universal in crowded Italy, where urban baseball competes with soccer, a sport that is richer, cheaper and older. It costs four times as much to start a ball club as a soccer team, about 400,000 lire (\$440). Equipment poses a permanent problem. New teams like the Q's replace what they wear out I learned from their president, Agostino Ciabatti, a sturdy, blond building engineer of 28. "We sneak into Porto Portone and snoop around," he said, winking. There, in Rome's flea market, gloves that vanished years ago from army supply lists appear between bampots without handles and binoculars without lenses. They cost about \$2—a full day's wages for any Q player. But there is no other reliable source of supply. The Q's were brushed off by a male American ambassador whom they asked for help. They were disheartened for a while but they have since adopted a cheerful Latin motto: *nihil difficile valens* (nothing's hard if you want it).

On the Sunday afternoon of the Q-U game the players of each team were called in to separate huddles by the umpire, Carlo Vicini. Only 50 spectators lined the Tiburtine embankment, but the players were impressively clean and neat: the Q's, except myself, in well-pressed gray and blue, the U's in gray and scarlet. The teams had dressed in two rooms of a whitewashed shack, without showers or toilets.

Vicini, the arbiter, was a short, slim student in his middle 20s, with a receding hairline, wearing blue denim over a red-striped sailor's jersey. An important doctor in political economy, he was earning his degree by bookkeeping mornings and umpiring two hours Sundays, which netted him half the price of a meal. He had no baseball cap, but he wore a mask and catcher's chest pad in natural tan and carried a hand scorekeeper (referents which, I later learned, were possessed by only one-third of the 70 licensed arbiters; they cost too much).

"Your identity cards," said Vicini formally, and Ciabatti handed him ours. Every player pays 60¢ for these

green cards. After checking our cards for fines and suspensions Vicini admonished: "Now two things I won't tolerate. No annoyance of other players, no partisan shouts like *shai* [let's go] or rough language like that. Never try to rattle the pitcher. The second rule is: protests must be made by the captains only. No ganging up around the umpire. I listen only to captains." We nodded humbly.

After shaking our hands in a double lineup on the base paths, the U's huddled and cheered us. Ciabatti did not order us to cheer back and I asked him why. It seemed strange in a team that was the 1954 cup for sportsmanlike deportment. "Last time we played they slipped in an ineligible player," whispered the president softly. "We didn't protest, but by not cheering we show them we're wise. They get it, all right."



WITH FINE ITALIAN HAND. Two-city's director forms core of new baseball.

Our pitcher was a tall, agile photographer with a small artistic mustache, named Danilo Assogno, who had learned from an American oil company and had a *dirillo* (fast ball), two curves, and a "zenker." As these good pitches met my mitt they were working well, and we quickly had two strikes on the U leadoff. The third, a *dirillo*, was under shoulder height and well centered, but Vicini said "ball." Danilo shook his head. He threw two more balls, then his big one. Starting as a high-pitched straight pitch on the outside, it broke inward handsomely and cut a piece off the plate. Vicini called it a "sterrillo"—ball. We exchanged chilly looks through our masks. Vicini passed the next batter too, on some close ones.

By now Danilo was glowering at him, and the infield was muttering.

Danilo began passing men recklessly. He looked impudish, but his eyes were burning. The U's began bawling, then hitting. A couple of granders raced through our infield. Before we got rid of them the U's had six runs. In our half the U pitcher fanned all our first three batters, including myself. At every pitch the U catcher kept shouting "avviva!" (viva) in my ear. I wasn't sure whether he was addressing me, his pitcher, or Vicini.

Two innings later a Q tried to steal third. The iron loop under the base was not hammered deep enough in the hard Tiber clay. Sliding under the bag, he hooked his foot in the front: an oddly common Italian accident. He was carried off meaning. The U's had trounced Danilo for two more big runs. Partini pulled in from third a small dentist's assistant named Giulio Militari and put him on the mound, sending the fuming Danilo to the outfield.

Something about the deliberation with which our captain made these changes nettled the arbiters. "Come on, *forse*," he commanded. "Listen, we're moving as fast as we can," snapped Aldo. "Out you go," said Vicini with unnatural quietness. "What?" cried Aldo incredulously. "Out—off the field!" barked the imperious Vicini, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. The Q's were now in authentic rage. They ran in, wringing off their gloves ominously. But Ciabatti shooed them out again with "viva, viva."

Giulio, after a few moments of tension, threw a decisive pitch and Vicini called it a "sterrillo—ball." The Q's, captainless, could suffer no more. They leaped in and surrounded Vicini, hands breezily extended, shouting out, "Come out! I promise!" The combat was Giulio, the aggrieved pitcher; the angriest was Danilo, the dethroned one. Suddenly Danilo wiped his glove from his left hand and threw a stiff-armed fast into Vicini's lane. Vicini reeled back, blood pouring from his nose. Danilo lingered by, handsome, unrepentant. "Danilo intended to retire this year anyway," a player whispered.

"I DECLARE"

We best Vicini back to stop his bleeding. Once he came up like a duck, announced solemnly, "I declare this game forfeit, five to one," gashed more blood and fell back again. When finally he dried and straightened up, Ciabatti, whose tan suit was spotted crimson, turned on his diplomacy. "Please

continued on page 32

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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Fred Haney, who lived through three tough years in Pittsburgh, replaced resigned Charlie Grimm as manager of slipping Milwaukee, the next day he watched the Braves come alive with double victory over the Brooklyn Dodgers.



Marlene Stewart, pretty Canadian titleholder from Radcliffe College, upset defending champion Jackie Yates in semifinals, repeated North-South victory over Seattle's Ruth Aiken to win national college golf title at Lafayette, Ind.

RECORD BREAKERS

Patty O'Brien, massive-minded Air Force shotstopper, continued his advance on self-set goal of 62 feet, heaved iron ball hand-some 62 feet 4 inches to better own world record in Interscholastic championships at Los Angeles (June 13).

Pitt's smooth-striding **Annie Sewell** took off like scared rabbit, didn't stop until he had covered 900 meters in 1:46.7, fastest ever by American, in NCAA championships at Berkeley, Calif. (June 16).

BASEBALL

New York found soft spot in Cleveland, swept those straight from Indians (who dropped to fourth) to lead White Sox by $5\frac{1}{2}$ games at week's end. Next day, Mickey Mantle beat Detroit with three-run homer, became second player to ever hit fair ball out of Briggs Stadium. Boston also won three from Cleveland, two out of three from Tigers to take third place.

National League race continued as hot as ever with five teams battling for lead. Pittsburgh, getting used to torrid atmosphere of first place, managed to hang on despite double-header loss to St. Louis, still held $1\frac{1}{2}$ -game edge over Cincinnati, who could go no better than even with St. Louis with New York. Duke Snider found home run range to help Brooklyn stretch winning streak to six before Milwaukee pulled itself together for new Manager Fred Haney to win Sunday double-header, hold Dodgers one game off pace. Cards, holed up by trade with Giants (see page 48), used

victories over Pirates to remain close behind Brooklyn in fourth (for exact facts and figures, see page 48).

ROWING

Cornell, stroking smartly and shrewdly, remained close to park until final quarter mile, then surged ahead to rhythmic 34 beat provided by Stroke Philip Granich, easily outdistanced last-ditching Navy by 21 lengths in IIRA regatta on Lake Onondaga at Syracuse, N.Y. (see below). Big Red finished second to Washington in jockey race, fourth behind sturdily Syracuse in freshman event to score 16 points, carried off the Ten Eyck Memorial Trophy for third straight year.

Tale variety, beaten only by Cornell, opened water in one-mile mark, readily met every Harvard challenge to win by five lengths in last 19:08 for four miles on calm Thames at New London as Ella swept river in 31st renewal of nation's oldest regatta.

BOXING

Tommy DeMarco, freewheeling on-waterweight champion, absorbed boxing lesson from smart-stabbing Vince Martinstearly rounds, came back to land enough jolting blows to take 10-round decision over Hammett Bill Daly's new solid steel ticket (see page 50).

New York's **Julius Holland**, to surprise of everyone, sharply reversed field, gave Syracuse Promoter Norman Rocknchild the green light to deal with welterweight Champion Johnny Saxton (but not his

manager, Rikky Palencia) to title fight with Carmen Basile (see page 50).

Governor **Goodie Knight** took first step toward cleanup of California's dirty business, named new five-man State Athletics Commission, provided "hopping hot" report; loan special investigating committee. His choices: onetime University of California Track Coach Dean Cromwell; Business Executive Jack Smith; former Commissioner Dr. Dan Kilgus and S. Thomas Huelandell, and last but not least, Douglas Hayden, chief special agent of Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co., whose job obliges him to know all about wire-tapping.

GOLF

Cary Middlecott, who gave up polling blimpids to follow pro tournament trail, made fine recovery on final hole to go down in par 4 for 293, won his second U.S. Open by single stroke when runner-up Ben Hogan and Julius Barnes faltered at Rochester, N.Y. (see page 49).

FENCING

Dr. **Thos. Nylan**, 45-year-old New York physician, established defending champion Dick Dyer in last match, won his seventh national saber title and berth on U.S. Olympic team in New York. Other individual champions and Olympians: Abe Cohen of Fencers Club in épée; Navy Yeoman Sewall Shuman in foil; Mrs. Josie Rosney of Los Angeles in women's foil. Also picked to represent U.S. at Melbourne: Dorothy de

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED



BELLING SAILS, hard to come by in light air at Newport, R.I., easy feat of 89 yards, largest entry ever, to the starting line at Breton Reef as biennial Bermuda Race gets under way.



SWEEPING GARY of Cornell crew responded to call of Cornell's Carl Schwartz, propped the Red up Lake Onondaga at merry slip on way to easy victory in the IIRA regatta at Syracuse, N.Y.

COMING EVENTS June 22 through July 1

FRIDAY, JUNE 22

Auto Racing
ARSCAR 100-mile Grand National race, Rochester International, Rochester, N.Y.
ARSCAR 250-lap Convertible race, Joe Woodbury Speedway, Norfolk, Va.

Bowling
● Detroit vs. Baltimore, Detroit, 2:35 p.m. (MetLife).

Swimming
● Herman Otter's Gilman vs. Willie Vaughn, mid-lengths, Med. Sq. Garden (19 m), 10 p.m. (NBC).
Wellness (Bobby Smith vs. David Lee, light-weight), Milan, Italy (12 m).

Horse Racing
Buffalo Raceway Young Derby, \$35,000, Saratoga, N.Y.

Horse Racing
Prix des Giras, Auteuil track, Paris.
Al-Sar-Sar Fantasy, \$4,000, 2-yr.-old gelded within the state, 5 furlongs, Al-Sar-Sar, Reno.

Baseball
● Buffalo Bill Riders, North Platte, Neb. (through July 1).

Tennis & Field
● Nat'l. AAU Men's championships, Eikenfield, Calif. (also June 23).

SATURDAY, JUNE 23

Auto Racing
SCCA Road America races, Elkhart Lake, Wis. (also June 24).

Bowling
● Chicago White Sox vs. New York Yankees, Chicago, 7:15 p.m. (CBS).

Swimming
● Swiftness Classic, Swiftness lightship and relay, Victoria, B.C.

Horse Racing
● Ohio Derby, \$40,000 added, 1 1/8 miles, 3-yr.-old, Thos. Ross, Ohio, 2:40 p.m. (NBC).
● The New Castle, \$15,000, 1 1/8 miles, 3-yr.-old, at, 5:40 a.m., Saratoga Park, Del., 5:15 p.m. (NBC).
● Stymie Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/2 miles, 3-yr.-old, up, Belmont Park, N.Y.
● Junior Memorial Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-old, up, Arlington Park, Ill.

Yachting
● Royal M.B. Trophy race, Toledo, Ohio (also June 24).

SUNDAY, JUNE 24

Auto Racing
NASCAR 200-mile Convertible race, Wilson, N.C.

Bowling
● Brooklyn vs. Cincinnati, Brooklyn, 2 p.m. (MetLife).

Swimming
● St. Ignace Island Race, Club, benching Foley show, Fair S. Templetonville, Staten Island, N.Y.
● Cowenings Yacht Kennel Club, benching Foley show, Irvine, Pa.

Tennis
● Sabre Outdoor Championships, Amateur Fencers of America, Molokai, N.Y.A.

Golf
● Nat'l. Collegiate Amateur Men's Tournament, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

Horse Racing
● Grand Prix de Paris, \$75,000, Longchamp track, Paris, France.

Baseball
● Heart of America, Kansas City (final events).

Tennis
● Denmark vs. Norway, Copenhagen.

Tennis
● Europa Clay Court championships, Beckenack, N.Y.

MONDAY, JUNE 25

Bowling
● Detroit vs. Washington, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (MetLife).

Swimming
● Lake House vs. Lufkin Lightship, lightweights, St. Nick's Arena, N.Y. (19 m), 11 p.m. (Q4 1000).
● (11:10 Charles vs. Zerk Foley, heavyweights, Phoenix, Ariz. (19 m).

Golf
● Pro-Amateur tournament, Apawamis Club, Rye, N.Y.

Tennis
● Wimbledon International, Wimbledon, England (through July 1).

Baseball
● Nat'l. Intercollegiate championships, men's singles and doubles, Kalamazoo, Mich.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26

Bowling
● Syracuse vs. Augusta, Syracuse, 1:55 p.m. (MetLife).

Golf
● British Women's Amateur Golf Championship, Sunningdale, England (through June 27).

Horse Racing
● Cactus Handicap, \$25,000, 2-yr.-old, 1 1/8 miles, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Leggislative
● World's Championship Roles, Rockford, Ill. (through June 28).

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27

Auto Racing
● U.S. Auto Club sprint races, Illinois Speedway, Hammond, Ind.

Bowling
● Chicago vs. Boston, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (MetLife).

Swimming
● Carmelo Costa vs. Ike Chestnut, heavyweights, Capitol Race, Washington, D.C. (10 m), 11 p.m. (ABC).

Horse Racing
● The Shamrock, \$20,000, 7 furlongs, 3-yr.-old up, Belmont Park, N.Y.
● Cloister Handicap, \$20,000, 1 mile, 3-yr.-old gelded, Arlington Park, Ill.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28

Bowling
● Syracuse vs. Williamsport, Syracuse, 1:55 p.m. (MetLife).

Golf
● U.S. Western Open, Wakefield, C.C., Des Moines, Iowa.
● Insurance City Open, \$10,000, Withersfield, C.C., Hartford, Conn.

Horse Racing
● Haggis Stakes, \$10,000, 5 furlongs, 2-yr.-old colts & geldings, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Horse Show
● Connecticut Horse Club, Lebanon, Ohio (through July 1).

Olympics
● Nat'l. Championships, Heavyweight class, Olympic rowing team, Lake Okauchie, Syracuse, N.Y. (through June 30).

FRIDAY, JUNE 29

Auto Racing
● U.S. Auto Club sprint races, Ft. Worth, Tex.
● U.S. Auto Club sprint races, Westbury, Ala.

Bowling
● Chicago vs. Milwaukee, Chicago (MetLife).

Swimming
● St. Ignace vs. Yama Yama, heavyweights, Med. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (19 m), 10 p.m. (NBC).
● Mario D'Agostino vs. Robert Cohen, World's Heavyweight Title, Rome, Italy (15 m).

Horse Shows

● Battle Creek Horse Show, Battle Creek, Mich. (through July 1).
● Valley Hunt Club Horse Show, Bradford, Penn. (through July 1).
● San Diego County Fair Nat'l. Horse Show, Del Mar, Calif. (through July 1).

Olympics

● Track & Field trials (Swiss), U.S. Olympic men's team, Memorial Coliseum, Los Angeles (also June 30).

Trapshooting

● Greenfield Gun Club, Stour Indian club shoot, Greenfield, Mass. (through July 1).
● Rocky Mountain Gun Club, Wyoming State Shoot, Cheyenne, Wyo. (through July 1).

SATURDAY, JUNE 30

Auto Racing
● SCCA Hillclimb, Buffalo Bill Mountain (also, Colorado, Col.).
● U.S. Auto Club stock car races, Roadway Speedway, Knoxville, Tenn.
● U.S. Auto Club sprint races, Motor City Speedway, Detroit, Mich.
● NASCAR Grand National race, Spartanburg Fairgrounds, Spartanburg, S.C.

Baseball

● Brooklyn vs. Philadelphia, Brooklyn, 1:55 p.m. (CBS).

● Cleveland vs. Chicago, Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. (MetLife).

Fly Casting

● New Brunswick Ford Annual Fly-Casting tournament, New Brunswick, Canada.

Golf

● World Senior Professional Golf championship (junior), Cheshire, England, Bob Canyon, England, vs. Peter Burke, U.S.

Horse Racing

● The Messenger Stakes, \$20,000 added, 3-yr.-old colts, Roosevelt Raceway, N.Y.

Horse Racing

● Belmont Handicap, \$100,000, 3-yr.-old up, 5 furlongs & more, 1 1/4 miles, Delmar Park, Md.

● Carter Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr.-old up, 7 furlongs, Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS).

● Yonkers Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr.-old up, 5 furlongs & more, 1 1/4 miles, Hollywood Park, Calif.

● Warren Wright Memorial, \$25,000, 3-yr.-old, 7 furlongs, Arlington Park, Ill.

Olympics

● Fresh, track & field trials, U.S. Olympic men's team, Memorial Coliseum, Los Angeles, 5 p.m. (NBC).

Trapshooting

● Forest Hills Gun Club, Franconia, N.H. (through July 1).

SUNDAY, JULY 1

Auto Racing
● NASCAR Grand National race, Asheville-Waverly, N.C.

● U.S. Auto Club sprint races, Winchester, Ind. Grand Prix of France, Buena, France.

● SCCA Grand Road race, Alabama region, Courtland, Ala.

Baseball

● Brooklyn vs. Philadelphia, Brooklyn, 2 p.m. (MetLife).

Horse Racing

● Fair and Simple horse racing, "American Week," Stockholm, Sweden.

Sailing

● Pacific Int'l. Yachting Association and Pacific Coast Yachting Association regatta, Victoria, B.C. (through July 1).

* See local listing.

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WITH STILL A MILE TO GO IN THE GREAT HORSE FIELD BEARS UP THE BACKSTITCHED NEEDLES (NO. 1) IS ALREADY DEADLY FAST. AN INCREDIBLE

● HORSE RACING by WHITNEY TOWER

A lazy bay colt named Needles ran true to form in the Belmont Stakes. From last place to first, the winner

AND STILL CHAMP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RY FREEMAN

THE widely accepted theory about turning strategy in distance races is that your come-from-behind horses have their only chance of winning if the early pace is fast. "That's really very basic," said Eddie Arcaro as he sat in the sweltering heat of the jockeys' room before last Saturday's Belmont Stakes. "Look, figure it this way, and we'll use the Belmont as an example. We know the come-from-behind horses are Needles and Career Boy. If none of the others in the race want to move along for the first part of it, what's going to happen when Needles and Career Boy get to running in the

last half mile? I'll tell you what'll happen. These horses on the front end will have a punch of their own and the late runners will knock themselves out just getting to the lead. Then—when, then slow ones on the lead who've been doing nothing but coasting along for a mile or so will have a run of their own and one of them could win in a breeze. No, shucks, this Belmont's going to have early speed. I know that much because if none of the other boys want the front end—and if I see we're walking through the first half in around 49 seconds, I'll go on the lead myself, not because I think

I can win but because it will help the other half of my entry."

This bit of theorizing by a man who probably knows as much about time and pace as any jockey in history had all of the usual Arcaroan logical soundness. He didn't think his mount, Jass Age, could win, but he did think the other half of the C. V. Whitney entry, Career Boy, might outlast Needles at a mile and a half if the race followed an old and familiar Belmont Stakes script: early speed by the sprinters followed by a long late and dramatic run on the part of the stayers.

Eddie Arcaro's prognostication was, as it turned out, only half correct. Yes, there was early speed in Saturday's Belmont, and Eddie and Jass Age didn't have to supply it themselves. But, so, Career Boy, even with the benefit of a masterful ride by Eric Gustis, was not—and is not—as fine a race horse as Needles. The Florida-bred Kentucky Derby champion outdid himself on this muggy afternoon, and what New Yorkers up to then had heard of his stretch run on their radios—or seen on television screens—was unfolded for them on the Belmont stage with such devastatingly dramatic



12 YARDS BEHIND THE FAST RACE-SETTING ONE-OF-CHAMPLEERS, BELLE GAIL AND FANNY

excitement that for a moment or two after Needles went under the wire, a long wick in front of Career Boy, it was a little difficult to appreciate just how brilliant his victory had been. But there was no escaping the fact that the Belmont winner now officially carries the title of champion 3-year-old of 1956, a title earned in competition against the very best colts of his generation.

There is something fast to be said

about Belmont Day as a national spectacle. It is not at all, you know, like Derby Day in Louisville, and there is absolutely nothing about this great old race track which might confuse even the most absent-minded patron into thinking he was at Pimlico on Preakness Day. Belmont has retained its atmosphere of grand ancientry, and on this traditional afternoon you can sense everywhere an alert and keen awareness of the importance of this

championship test. The roots of Thoroughbred racing sportsmanship are deeply implanted there, and examples of this sportsmanship pop up all over the place on Belmont Day. For instance in the saddling shed awaiting the signal to move out to the crowded paddock before the big race, Homer Whitney, after inspecting his entry, walked over to look at Needles. There, leaning against the wall of the shed, was an old friend, Hugh Penitence, who trains Needles for Bonnie Heath and Jackson Bentley. "Hugh," said Whitney as he thrust out his hand, "I want to tell you that the way you have handled yourself and the way you have trained this horse have been magnificent."

Penitence, kicking up some loose dirt with his solid walking stick, looked down for a moment, then reached up and gave Needles a gentle pat. "Thank you, Sonny," he replied. "All I know is that if this horse handles himself as I know he can during the next couple of minutes, it'll make us all pretty happy!" The saddling process was finished now, and as the field, gleaming and neatly groomed, fell into the orderly procession to the paddock, Whitney had a parting word for Penitence. "Hugh, you've done your bit now. Nothing more you can do. Now it's up to the horse. Good luck to you."

"I thank you kindly, Sonny," said Penitence. "And good luck to you too!"

During the parade on the post, the audience was treated to the Seventh Regiment Band's custom version of *Ma Old Kentucky Home*, which, for this occasion, turned out to be *The 500th Year New York*. Possibly Needles didn't care for the way Major Francis W. Sutherland was directing the number—arguably he was thinking that it was too hot an afternoon

(continued on next page)

BOUNDING THE LAST TURN NEEDLES AND CAREER BOY (SECOND AND THIRD FROM LEFT) ARE FLASHING IN ON FANNY AND RACING TO THE WIRE



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HORSE RACING

continued from page 58

for violent exercise—but at any rate he was pretty reluctant in general to move near the gate. Finally a man appeared from behind a bush and after he tossed some dirt at the champion, Needles moved off with the others.

The Belmont, for more than a mile, was actually run in two divisions: three horses in the first group, and the remaining five trailing them in the second bunch. At the start it was Charlevix, followed by Mari Turland then Calumet's Freshness winner Fabius, who shot off to lead the pack. After half a mile (Charlevix clocked it off in 47.2.3 seconds) these three still held their front positions, and it was 1½ lengths back from Fabius to Jazz Age, the Amaro-ridden leader of the second group. Behind Jazz Age came Career Boy, followed by Fronty Mr., Beau Diablo and finally Needles, who, as the whole field turned up the long backstretch, was between 22 and 25 lengths (some 60 yards) out of first place.

There was concern and many a loud murmur in the stands. Double concern, you might say, because here was Fabius in perfect position and now going up on the outside to take the lead from the two tying front runners, and

still Needles, with only half a mile remaining, was so far behind that he had managed to pass only one horse. Then suddenly Dave Erb gave Needles the signal to go. Guerin had already given the word to Career Boy and the pair of them took off in frenzied pursuit of Fabius who had opened up a seven-length lead as he passed the quarter pole. Around the last turn they sped. Fabius, you sensed by then, couldn't hold his speed to the wire, and so he started harking up. Needles ranged along his outside as Career Boy cut to the rail for his last bid. Needles put Fabius away at the eighth pole, but there was Career Boy still coming at him. The two colts fought on, and then, with only a sixteenth of a mile to go, Needles almost checked it. "He scared me to death," said Erb later. "Suddenly he pricked his ears and started to pull up. He must have figured the race was over. Man, I started tearin' into him and when he saw that other horse [Career Boy] on the inside of him he took off again. And as we crossed the line I think he was just starting to go all over again."

Needles' victory, some will choose to say, cannot be ranked among the great Belmont feats because his time 2:29½ (Fabius was timed at 1:36½ for the first mile, 2:02½ for the mile and a

NEEDLES, 120 TIMES TO WIN

The oldtime race track plungers went out with the remorseless arithmetic of the 15% betting tax. But during the current Belmont meeting, word whipped through the plant that a mysterious "Texas oil man" was wagering \$10,000 to \$20,000 a race. The "oil man" turned out to be Roy W. Stovall, a 60-year-old self-probated real estate broker from Los Angeles.

The pink-faced Stovall was the most red-blooded customer ever seen at New York's mutual windows. A bug-eyed gallery of 32 bettors watched a \$20 check punch out \$24,000 for him in one race. Stovall demolished one roll of \$100 bills, so big he couldn't even fold it. He put his hand inside a light-blue suit and pulled out another fat parcel. By then he had driven his choice down to even money. It was easily beaten.

This was after he had shaved nuptia decks of tickets at the cashier on four straight winners which grossed him roughly \$23,000. He dropped \$22,000 on the last two races.

Stovall denied the huge scale of his operations. But they were verified. Had he ever beaten the races?

"Why," he said warily, checking pointed palms for Internal Revenue agents. "I never beat a meeting in 30 years. I just go back to work like any other fellow and get fresh money."

News of Stovall's activities splattered papers from coast to coast.

In Los Angeles a Mrs. Roy W. Stovall called: "We're not wealthy. There have been times we've had to get along without an automobile of our own. I've got to check him."

However, Stovall was showing unmistakable signs of cooling off by the time Needles' Belmont came around. As the Belmont field went to the post, he counted his money, and then searched other pockets. He found four errant bills, smoothed them and put the pile before the \$20 seller.

"No. 3, 120 times," he said.

Needles—No. 3—paid \$130. Stovall won \$3,000 for his bet of \$5,000.

PAT LYONS

quarter) was not particularly outstanding over a track which many oldtimers rate nearly two seconds faster than it was in 1943 when Count Fleet established the Belmont Stakes record of 2:28 1/2 (later tied by Citation). Others may care to say that Needles' position among good—or even near-good—nurses has yet to be established because, as they will tell you, "He beat nothing." As far as I am concerned Needles has beaten everything he's had to, and as for his place in turf history, he's now already moved to 11th spot on the money-winning list (total: \$579,855) and has many opportunities ahead of him to keep right on adding to his bank account.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS AHEAD

Looking at Needles you are not overly impressed with his size. He lacks the tremendously powerful look of Nashua, but his chest development is considerably larger than almost any other colt of his age. Even before his Belmont victory there was evidence that he would be a popular champion. The only horse in the field to draw applause as he stepped onto the track, he returned to the winner's circle to the accompaniment of an appreciative chorus of loud cheers. The racing public loves a horse who can turn on Needles' kind of iron-lust-as-first sort of performance, and they universally have accepted him, his owners, trainer and jockey as their kind of champion.

The winning stable, by the way, was all pretty excited over the final results, and for the moment couldn't quite come to any decision as to Needles' future plans. There are, of course, any number of valuable 3-year-old stakes to shoot for between now and fall. And when fall does come—with such events on the calendar as the Synchrony and the Jockey Club Gold Cup at weight-for-age—there is always the possibility that Needles and Career Boy may go out of their division to tackle the leading handicap horses like Nashua, Social Outcast, Fisherman and Fird.

Whatever the future brings to Needles his brilliant Belmont will always be remembered. Dave Erb, who said he was scared to death at the 14th pole, certainly won't forget it. In the winner's circle he was handed a silver bowl. Somewhat puzzled he accepted it, looked at it carefully for a moment, and then asked, "Say, do I get to keep this?" Told yes, he could, he replied, "Gee, thanks, thanks a lot," and straddled quickly off with the happy look of a small boy who has just been given his first jackknife. (R. M. B.)



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PORSCHE

Cornell is favored among the Olympic eight,
but tradition dies hard and sentiment cries

ADMIRALS AWAY!

THE GROUND SWELL of Olympic excitement will mount a little higher next weekend when the biggest concentration of American oarsmen in the past four years will crowd into Syracuse, N.Y. for the tryouts for the U.S. rowing squad. Beginning June 28 more than 40 racing shells will spend three days skimming down the 2,000-meter course on Lake Onondaga. When the last heat has been rowed 29 men, their hands raw and their stomachs cramped by the thump of the oar handles after each stroke, will have pulled themselves onto the first team of the squad that travels to Melbourne next November.

The eliminations will be run off in seven different kinds of boats, the smallest the 28-foot single sculls in which one man, using two oars, shoots down the course in seven and a half to eight and a half minutes. The largest are the familiar eight-oared shells that can cover 2,000 meters in six to seven minutes under good conditions. In between are the double sculls (two men, two oars each), pairs with coxswain (two men, one oar each, cox steering), pair without coxswain (steered by varying the pull on either oar), four with cox (four men, one oar each, cox steering), and four without cox (steered by a foot-operated tiller).

In each category the favorites have been roughly defined (one hat) by early-season performance; but in the concentration of crack oarsmen at Syracuse, only one could fairly be called a sure bet for the Olympic team. This is Jack Kelly Jr., brother of Princeton Grace of Monaco, son of the 1929 Olympic single sculls champion, and himself the U.S. Olympic representative in the singles in both 1948 and 1952. Charles Legg and Tom Price, who set the rowing world on its ear in 1952 by becoming the first Americans to win the Olympic pair without coxswain (they had practiced the event for less than three months), face stiff competition at the trials this year from James Fifer and Duval

Hecht, each pair having beaten the other once during the season.

In the other two- and four-oared events, the races are sure to be tight, and in the eights there is a chance for one of the most thrilling duels in the history of the U.S. Olympic trials.

Cornell and Yale qualified themselves last weekend as two of the principals in the duel by trouncing all comers in two events which climaxed the college season. Cornell, past-time favorites over 11 other entries in the

that it was still the best EE boat in many a year, taking Harvard by five lengths in the first running of their annual set-to. Whether Yale is now ready and able to reverse her agonizing loss by a yard to Cornell in the Eastern championship on May 12 is one of the most intriguing questions the Olympic trials will answer.

No matter how impressive Yale and Cornell were, however, they stand challenged by the most colorful crew entered in the trials—the Navy officers, who are bidding for a chance to break all Olympic rowing precedents by repeating their 1952 victory at Helsinki.

When the "Admirals" were put on special duty at Annapolis last spring, to see if they could row themselves into shape for the tryouts, there was some reasonable doubt that they could shake off the accumulated rust and plain fat from two noncompetitive years since graduation. In their early skirmishes with college opponents they were, in fact, disappointing. Harvard, Navy and Penn all beat them in the May 5 Adams Cup regatta.

But on May 20 the Admirals beat Wisconsin and Penn decisively in the American Baiter at Philadelphia. Then, on June 6 in an impromptu race with Princeton on Lake Carnegie, they were, suddenly, very impressive indeed. They beat Princeton by two and a half lengths over 2,000 meters of dead calm water, and were clocked in 5:31. Wind, current and waves often make comparisons of rowing time untrustworthy; but Navy Coach Rusty Callow discovered that the officers had equaled their best 1952 pre-Olympic trial time.

"They look like they're pretty much back to where they were in 1952," said Callow after the Princeton workout. "The turning point came about three weeks ago; once the warm weather hit us, they began to shed off some of that fat and we have the weight problem licked. They rowed a 5:43 and a 4:51 the week before the trials in 1952 and then rowed a 5:27.8 in the race (till). That was very good time for us. We won by three lengths, but this year Cornell and Yale are better than they were in 1952."

While the college crews were able to sharpen up in last week's races at Syracuse and New London, the officers have had no further competition since the time trial at Princeton. But it is now obvious that the 1952 champions are within striking distance of their goal and that their dream of a second Olympic victory must be considered with respect. (E.B.B.)

BOATS TO WATCH AT SYRACUSE

	FAVORITES	MARK MONIES
SINGLES	Jack Kelly Jr.	Walter Harvey
DOUBLE SCULLS	Pat Corbett Jim Gardner	William Garton Loan McLaugh
DOUBLE PAIRS	Tom Price Charles Legg	James Fifer Duval Hecht
PAIRS WITH COX	John Kiefer Tom McDonough	Sam Aycock Gene Furdley
DOUBLE PAIRS	West Side Rowing Club	U.S. Navy Officers' Four
PAIRS WITH COX	Cornell Rowing Club	U.S. Navy Officers' Four
EIGHTS	Yale	U.S. Navy Eight

Intercollegiate Rowing Association regatta at Syracuse, rowed true to form by running away with the three-oar team. Going into the last quarter mile, half a length ahead of Wisconsin and Stanford, Cornell's eight took their stroke up to 34 and drew away from the field with beautifully spaced strokes. They finished two and a half lengths ahead of an unheralded Navy undergraduate team. Wisconsin was a surprising third, while previously undefeated Washington nosed out Stanford for fourth.

That same day at New London, Conn. the Yale eight which gave Cornell its only defeat this season in the Carnegie Cup on May 3, showed

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Left-handers like Warren Spahn are serious craftsmen,
but memories of odd Rube Waddell raise the question:

ARE LEFTIES HUMAN?

IT REALLY turns out that left-handed pitchers are people. John Antonelli of the New York Giants, a good left-hander of the current school, thinks it's silly to classify lefties as temperamental screwballs. And if you take a close look at John, a good-looking, serious, well-mannered, hard-working young family man, you are bound to agree.

Maybe you, but not Al Schacht, the restaurateur, manager, commentator, baseball clown, sideline baseball coach and sometime 1918-1921 American League pitcher. Schacht holds that left-handers per se are strange.

"They have cracked nuts," Schacht explained once. "They throw cracked, they walk cracked and they think cracked. They even wear their clothes cracked. You have to figure they're a little crazy."

Schacht was reminded that he himself was more than slightly famous for his own way across the diamond. He once struggled a nickel rocket, a soft sandbag-filled "buz" baseball, to be used against a feared slugger. Yet he was undeniably a right-hander. Was this not so?

"Sure," Schacht admitted. "But I *don't* think left-handed."

Schacht's blanket indictment of left-handed pitchers is an enjoyable hypothesis, but even the most conservative baseball fan has to admit that he has a deep-seated, nagging belief—and perhaps even a hope—that Schacht is essentially right, despite evidence to the contrary.

Certainly Warren Spahn, the great left-handed pitching star of the Milwaukee Braves and the dean of today's lefties, refutes Schacht and supports Antonelli. Spahn over the past decade has been just about the best pitcher in baseball *one way or the other*—and surely the best left-hander. Yet he is a quiet, conservative and completely unremarkable (except for his pitching skill) man, and the cast of the left-handers around the big leagues seems for the

most part to follow the same pattern.

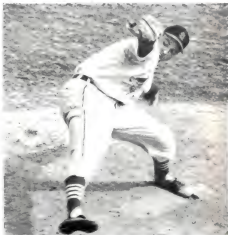
Even so, there is something about the idea of a left-handed pitcher—something that may derive from a childhood memory of Rube Waddell or Lefty Gomez, or from hearing too many fine old baseball legends, but *something*—that makes the casual fan forget the plain, unorthodox left-hander like Antonelli or Spahn and in his stead remember indelibly someone like Wilmer David (Vinegar Bend) Mizell of the St. Louis Cardinals, the large young man pictured below.

Mizell is no screwball: he is a determined, ambitious young pitcher. But he has an upgoing drawl, a facile tongue, a warm, memorable face and that wonderful nickname. And, of course, a left arm. A right-handed Vinegar Bend would be colorful; a left-handed one is—something else again: the heir apparent to a gay tradition. He is watched hopefully, almost eagerly; maybe any moment now he'll steal a ride on a fire engine or appear on the pitcher's mound in Bermuda shorts.

If not Mizell, maybe someone else, for life follows art. Some young pitchers, developing simultaneously that they throw left-handed and that in baseball somewhat left-handers are considered less attractive, perhaps cultivate the bigness-aside of their personality a little more audaciously than they might ordinarily. If so, it is sound business, and more power to them.

The Detroit Tigers are conscious of, and helpful to, a young left-hander named Gene Host, who pitches for their Charleston Senators farm club in the American Association. Host, who

(Mizell and Host are not yet)



VINEGAR BEND MIZELL, heir apparent to the tradition of the colorful left-hander, swings his 200-pound body forward as he puts all his strength into a fast ball.

ARE LEFTIES HUMAN?

continued from page 47

has been described as one of the most promising young left-handers, so far as screwball potential is concerned, was told this spring that apparently he did not concentrate enough when he was pitching, that he didn't study each batter and how to pitch to him—in short, that he didn't think enough. To this, young (23) Mr. Host bridled and replied forcefully, "That's not true at all. When I'm on the mound I'm thinking all the time. It may not be about baseball but, believe me, I'm thinking."

Host is obviously a man to watch.

The Tigers have another lefty in the classic mold in Billy Hoelt, a tall, gangling 24-year-old who loves to clown in the clubhouse and who has one of the best fast balls in the American League. Hoelt comes from Oshkosh, Wis., which isn't as good as Vinegar Bend, Ala. but which isn't bad, and was coached in high school by a chap named Fritz Schneider, which is just about perfect.

Hoelt asked a recent visitor to the Detroit dugout if he liked old crew. The visitor thought Hoelt was referring to the whiskey and as he was a baseball writer he naturally answered, "Sure." Delighted, Billy put a dead crew on the writer's lap.

John Antonelli obviously isn't the sort of left-hander who has dead crew lying around, but Hoelt apparently is.



MADDELL: THE GREAT MULE

He takes a view of the left-hander situation opposite to Antonelli's.

"They say left-handers are screwballs," he said recently, "and I guess I'm one of them."

Hoelt was asked what he was called by the other players.

"They call me everything," he said cheerfully.

Just then a group of players walked past the room Hoelt was in. One saw him, waved and said pleasantly, "Hi, Good."

"See what I mean?" grinned Hoelt. The fascination that left-handed



PLANK: GIANT EDDIE

pitchers hold for baseball players and baseball fans since most likely has its origin in the ancient Latin word for left, *sinister*. But a part of it must rise from the complexities of the game itself and the fact that in baseball as elsewhere lefties are a minority group. All batters, generally speaking, get used to hitting against right-handed pitching because there are so many more right-handed pitchers than there are lefties. (The proportion of right-handed pitchers in the majors stays pretty consistently at or above 70%.)

Thus left-handed batters, for whom right-handed pitchers are a comparatively hairy wayward, are aggrieved and unhappy when faced with the comparatively scarce but, for them, tougher lefty pitchers. For example, Duke Snider, one of the best left-handed batters in baseball history, seems continually to run into psychosomatic difficulties of the elbow, arm, back, stomach, throat, or tennis whenever a left-hander is scheduled to pitch against him today.

His reaction is mild compared to that of the fabulous Jay Kirke, a left-handed batter who had a creditable .301 average for his several years in the majors over a six-year period back before World War I but who made his reputation as the hero of countless anecdotes about minor league baseball.

For Kirke, lefty pitchers—whom he could not hit—were anathema. When he returned to baseball after the war the first pitcher Kirke batted against was a left-hander. It was too much for Jay to take. He stepped out of the box and laced with venom at the infrequent mouthpiece.

"Fifty thousand of you left-handed so-and-soes they sent over to France,"

BIOPERSE: Warren Spahn

WARREN SPAGNAN (above, top row) has won more games (183) during the past-year decade than any other pitcher (righty or lefty) and is the reigning left-hander in baseball today. He won 20 games or more six times; led the league in strikeouts four times; won the most games in three seasons and twice had the best earned run average.

Spahn was born in Buffalo 35 years ago. His father, a singing third baseman, taught Warren the fundamentals of baseball as soon as he could toddle, and by the time he was 3, Spahn was playing on teams in Buffalo as a first baseman. When he entered high school, Warren switched to pitching. The fine control and fast ball that have since become a Spahn trademark brought the boy to the attention of a Boston Braves scout. In 1929, years before the big league era, the 16-year-old Spahn received nothing for signing.

He spent three years in the minors, came up to the Braves at the end of the

1932 season and then was drafted into the Army for three years. He became the only major leaguer to win a battlefield commission for bravery in action. Spahn returned to the Braves in June 1945. In 1947, his first full year in the majors, he had the first of his 20-game seasons (21-10). During the last month of the 1948 season, the strong pitching of Spahn and teammate Johnny Sain inspired the memorable slogan, "Spahn and Sain and two days of rain." Their efforts brought the Braves their first pennant in 34 years.

Now in his 15th season in the majors, Warren Spahn is one of baseball's highest-salaried players (\$45,000). A member of the All-Star team seven times, he was the winning pitcher in 1953. Encouraging and popular with his teammates, Spahn has been married 10 years and has a 7-year-old son named Greg. In the off-season the Spahns live on an 800-acre ranch near Hartsville, Olla, where they tend their herd of registered Hereford cattle.



GEORGE EDWARD WADDELL



ROBERT H. SMITH

Kirk protested, "and every last one of you came back."

But beyond history and beyond minority report lies the probable four-tenths of the great left-hander legends: one strange, unforgettable man from western Pennsylvania named George Edward Waddell.

Waddell, according to Robert Smith in his earliest book *Baseball*, liked to be called Eddie, but his long, bony-kneed, farmer's stride, coupled with a slow, deliberate sweeping of his arms, brought him another name. Whenever he trudged out to the mound, the crowd

always yelled: "Hey, Rule!" And Waddell, who came to welcome the name, would return the greeting with a polite wave. Other ballplayers before and since have been called Rule, but he was the only one known as The Great Rule.

Waddell was a country boy who said he preferred fishing to baseball and on several recorded occasions demonstrated that this was the flat truth. He was the most sensational pitcher of his day—the high noon of his day lasted from 1902 through 1908—and by far the greatest gate attraction. Smith describes him as follows:

"He was at heart a gentle and generous man who loved to be admired. He found happiness in applause, in showing off, in playing tricks on his friends, in making love and passing fidelity to a number of different women, in drinking in good company and without restraint, in riding fire engines, in leading parades, in fishing, in winning ball games, in wearing red neckties and brand-new clothes, and in talking about himself."

Once Waddell took a can of paint and a brush and painted on sidewalks and walls inscriptions which said "TOMORROW AND THE TIME WHEN YOU'VE GOT TO GO TO WORK." Frequently in exhibition games he would show off by calling in his outfielders and endeavoring to strike out the side. More often than not he'd do it, too. He was missing at game time one day in 1909 when he was supposed to pitch for Pittsburgh against Brooklyn. He was found under the stands playing marbles with some little boys. He was a fire engine chaser and on at least two occasions took a remarkably heroic part in the mauling of horses. He jumped into a pool and wrestled an alligator in Florida. Once when he was missing from the ball park he was found acting as an automaton in a store window.

Above all, he was a great pitcher, with blinding speed, a vicious curve and superb control. Since 1900 only two men other than Waddell struck out more than 300 men in one season.

Continued on next page

HIGHLIGHT

Here, each side, St. Louis in gold, pitching, took on the most dramatic exchange of baseball stars.

Not even the doing of Charlie Givens as manager of the Milwaukee Braves, out-of-an-much-draw-out and even more so the long-remembered trade between the St. Louis Cardinals and the New York Giants, from whom he was considering getting his husband was a matter of inhuman barrier, but even more to arguing about who had got the better of the exchange. A National League executive placed the combined value of the players involved at more than half a million dollars. His analysis:

Giants to St. Louis		Cardinals to New York	
All Stars	\$150,000	Red Schoendienst	\$100,000
Whitey Lockman	25,000	Jackie Brandt	100,000
Don Liddle	30,000	Bill Farn	20,000
Ray Katt	30,000	Dick Listerfield	25,000
Total	\$100,000	Total	\$275,000

That put a net \$5,000 on the St. Louis side of the ledger. But when General Manager Frank Lane of the Cardinals was shown these figures he said coolly, "See? Didn't I say the trade was an even one?"

Perhaps so. According to Lane, it had become obvious that the Cardinals could not win the pennant with the infield they had. "We were playing Shogunians, a fine young second bas-

man, at shortstop and Moon, a fine young center fielder, at first base. Dark and Lockman give the club a solid man at every position for the first time this year." But St. Louis fans, who have never truly forgotten the tale of Century Sluggers, were worried. Cried one: "If you're not a Cardinal fan you can't understand what it means to have Red gone."

The Giants, who had had woeful problems, had fiddled under the double burden of miserably weak hitting and in the league in home runs, a daunting indictment in view of their short Polo Grounds (home) and terribly inept boding: Schoendienst, Brandt and Ed Roush— a gliding young shortstop brought up from the Giant farm system—were figured to bring vast improvement in both categories, particularly hitting.

First returns in a trade are as inconclusive as they are in elections, but New York drew first blood. Schoendienst, who got a heart-warming reception in the Polo Grounds, hit a dramatic pinch-hit home run in his very first time at bat as a Giant. Yet in the clubhouse after the game he looked immensely forlorn away from his old teammates. Red played 11 full seasons with the Cardinals and never with any other major league club. The Cardinals, that same night, were ordered to the Pirates' 15-1. Lockman and Dark made three hits between them in their debut, but to the dismay of St. Louis and the glee of New York they also made three widely publicized errors.

ARE LEFTIES HUMAN?

continued from page 55

Walter Johnson, who did it twice, and Bobby Feller, Waddell, from 1903 through 1905 averaged over 310 strikeouts a season.

On the same Philadelphia Athletics team with Waddell was another great left-hander named Edward Stewart Plank, a college man who was as colorless as Waddell was colorful but who proved in the long run to be a more valuable pitcher. Plank won more major league games than any other left-hander—304—whereas Waddell won only 194. Waddell's career, weakened by his drinking and his wonderful non-sense, ended early, but Plank, who pitched for the A's before Waddell joined the team, was still with them after Waddell had died of TB at 37.

Conde Mack's Athletics had an apparent monopoly on great lefties, for a decade after Plank departed came the brilliant Robert Moses (Lefty) Grove, who won nearly 300 American League games in his career and who won 29 or more games in eight seasons. Grove

was a serious pitcher, but to the delight of those who remembered Waddell he showed flashes of a wild temper which, if not Waddellian, was at least a little on the eccentric side. It was, however, always tempered with a cold, hard common sense. A young pitcher who had watched Grove kick a water bucket the length of the locker room emulated the great Lefty a short time later when he, too, like Grove, had lost a heart-breaking game. He kicked the water bucket and promptly howled with pain and grabbed his toes. Grove, watching, shook his head. "Kid," he said kindly, "when you kick a water bucket never kick it with your toes. Always use the side of your foot."

Grove's career was overshadowed by that of Vernon Louis (Lefty) Gomez of the New York Yankees. Gomez, a skinny left-hander with a truly blazing fast ball, won 369 games in his career, a fine record but not so impressive as the records established by other left-handers like Carl Hubbell, Herb Pennock, Eppa Rixey, Earl Whitehill, Wilbur Cooper, Hal Newhouser and Rube Marquard. Warren Spahn, who is still

in the fleshy part of his career, is even with Gomez. But no other left-hander ever came closer to Waddell than Gomez for combining genuine skill with real and lasting color.

Waddell, of course, was a man with a childlike mind while Gomez, for all his carefree attitude and cheerful approach to life and baseball, is shrewd and knowing.

Gomez was a splendid competitor, at his best in tough games. He won six World Series games without losing one and was the winning pitcher in more All-Star Games than any other man. But when you watched Gomez you were always aware that this, after all, was a game. For Lefty had fun.

He had a habit of slouching slowly in off the mound after each inning, dragging his feet until he reached the dugout. One day Right Fielder George Selkirk, another happy soul, said, "Lefty, you are the slowest man I ever saw. I'll bet you \$5 that I can beat you to the dugout at the end of an inning. From right field, I'll beat you." Gomez said, "You got a bet."

The next inning, with two men on base and two out, the batter laid heavily on one of Gomez' fast balls and drove it on a hard line deep to left center field. Gomez watched it go, saw Joe DiMaggio loping after it and then glanced toward right field. Here came Selkirk, racing like a sprinter. Gomez took off for the bench, trying with all his imperfect speed to stave off the crushing Selkirk. They pounded down the dugout steps and landed one-two on the bench just as DiMaggio took the third out into his glove. Joe McCarthy, manager of the Yankees, stared at Gomez and Selkirk half in awe, half in disgust.

"Joe wasn't at all pleased," Lefty recalled recently. "But I won the bet."

There is no question that respect must be accorded the fine left-handers of 1935, men like stylish Billy Pierce of the White Sox and fast-balling Herb Score of the Indians, chunky, businesslike Whitey Ford of the Yankees and big Joe Nuxhall of the Redlegs. Splendid pitchers all, and one or more of them almost certainly should succeed Warren Spahn as the standard bearer of left-handed greatness. But it's hard to conceive of any of them playing number one under the stands or racing their right fielder to the bench.

It's probably just as well, still, you can't blame the legend-loving fan for looking a hopeful and nostalgic eye at Vinegar Bend Mizell and Delshock Billy Host. And what's the latest word on that fellow Host in Charleston? **CHB.**

X-RAY

TEAM PERFORMANCES

Team	Wins	Losses	Games	Runs	ER	ERA
Red Sox	11	4	15	101	27	1.60
Yankees	10	5	15	101	27	1.60
Phillies	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Braves	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Giants	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Reds	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
White Sox	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Indians	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Mariners	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Angels	9	6	15	101	27	1.60

Team	Wins	Losses	Games	Runs	ER	ERA
Red Sox	11	4	15	101	27	1.60
Yankees	10	5	15	101	27	1.60
Phillies	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Braves	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Giants	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Reds	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
White Sox	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Indians	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Mariners	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Angels	9	6	15	101	27	1.60

TEAM LEADERS

Team	Wins	Losses	Games	Runs	ER	ERA
Red Sox	11	4	15	101	27	1.60
Yankees	10	5	15	101	27	1.60
Phillies	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Braves	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Giants	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Reds	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
White Sox	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Indians	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Mariners	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Angels	9	6	15	101	27	1.60

HEROES AND GOATS

THE MAJOR LEAGUE

Team	Wins	Losses	Games	Runs	ER	ERA
Red Sox	11	4	15	101	27	1.60
Yankees	10	5	15	101	27	1.60
Phillies	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Braves	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Giants	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Reds	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
White Sox	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Indians	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Mariners	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Angels	9	6	15	101	27	1.60

THE MINOR LEAGUES

Team	Wins	Losses	Games	Runs	ER	ERA
Red Sox	11	4	15	101	27	1.60
Yankees	10	5	15	101	27	1.60
Phillies	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Braves	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Giants	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Reds	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
White Sox	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Indians	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Mariners	9	6	15	101	27	1.60
Angels	9	6	15	101	27	1.60

SOUTHPAWS WHO DON'T PITCH

by CLEON WALFORD

Approximately 10% of all Americans are left-handed. It is a hostile world they face, but many have survived famously

Some 10 or 15 million left-handed Americans live in a challenging and frustrating world dominated by right-handers. Sometimes apologetic, sometimes transient, the natural born southpaw—or north-hander as he is called in certain sections of Great Britain—studies through life doggedly resisting change. He cramps his left hand to write on right-handed school desks; he accommodates himself to right-handed checkbooks and violins. The world of sport is one of the few places where he readily finds a place, and even there he finds himself overbalanced by a majority that numbers close to 90%.

Baseball is a conspicuously rewarding sport for a left-hander (see page 41), but by no means his best. Perhaps because of his unorthodoxy, the left-hander has had unusual success in fencing. In the last Olympics at Helsinki, two of the three men's champions were lefties. So were the United States foil champions in five of the last seven years. In boxing, the lefty hasn't enjoyed the same success, but that may be the fault of the managers. Traditionally, managers duck giving bouts to left-handers because they upset the righties so they make them look bad.

In many sports sideliness makes no real difference. Sometimes, as in tennis and table tennis, a lefty has a temporary advantage while his opponent adjusts to his style, but nobody has ever risen to a championship because of his left-handedness. Basketball and hockey are sports in which the best players are expected to be ambidextrous. Polo is at the opposite extreme. To play tournament polo left-handed, a player has to get special permission. But this is lacking without the pony, which probably wouldn't permit a left-handed swipe anyway.

In several sports there seems to be no good explanation for the absence of lefties. Football coaches are forever announcing that they could use a good left-handed passer, yet one seldom comes along. Among professionals, only Frankie Albert of the San Francisco 49ers stood out. The late Harry Agganis might have been great had he not turned to baseball. Lou Little of Columbia claims that in 39 years he has never had a left-handed passer, although he would like one.

"You could have a reverse forward pass operating out of a single wing," he said not long ago. "I'd give you everything you'd never get otherwise."

Entirely apart is golf in which lefties, playing from the right side, have had amazing success. Ben Hogan is a natural lefty who plays from the right. Sam Snead and Lloyd Mangrum are both congenital left-handers. One theory advanced to explain this queer state of affairs is that in the golf swing, as most pros teach it, the left arm is the important one to a right-handed player. It is possible that with their stronger left arms, the natural lefties have an advantage when they play right-handed. Conversely, the reverse should be true for the righties.

The causes of right-handed dominance are still in considerable doubt. Some scientists hold that it is an acquired habit related to the way a child was held or perhaps led in infancy. Others think it is a socially conditioned response. William Ludwig, seeking a physical explanation, found that in approximately 75% of human beings, the right arm is longer than the left, and that the difference first appears in the embryo stage. Many authorities assert that right-handedness is due to the functional predominance of the left hemisphere of the brain.

Whatever the cause, if both parents are left-handed, the chances are 50-50 that their child will be left-handed. If both parents are right-handed, the figure is one in 16. If one parent is right-handed and the other left, it's one in six. Left-handedness is more frequent among twins. In mul-

tiple births of three or more, at least one left-handed child usually occurs. One of the Dionne quintuplets, Emilie, was regarded as congenitally left-handed. Marie had left-handed tendencies and was nearly ambidextrous.

Human beings are right- and left-footed, and right- and left-eyed. Everyone is ambidextrous in the sense that there are many activities in which both sides are used and completely coordinated without conscious effort.

Animals can develop a certain degree of sideliness for special or repetitive acts. Experiments indicate that the higher apes are definitely ambidextrous, cats and dogs are predominantly right-sided and dogs left-sided.

For all his handicaps the left-hander is superior in at least two ways, says University of Wisconsin psychologists proved recently. He can move his left hand faster than a right-hander can, with the right hands equal. And he is more ambidextrous. These are his consolations. (C. W.)



"By my word, stroke of the imagination could stroke his hip deep in a cold trout stream here done it!"

400 collegians scrambled through the NCAA meet and over 100 qualified for next week's Olympic trials as

THE FIELD NARROWS

WHAT WAS most impressive about our country? The two visiting Australian sportswriters thought that was easy: "The Golden Gate and Arnie Sowell," they answered quickly.

That was in San Francisco last weekend, after the qualifying heats of the 36th annual National Collegiate track and field championships. After the NCAA finals 24 hours later, the Aussies had second thoughts: "You can forget about the Golden Gate," they conceded, "but leave Arnie Sowell and add the sprinter from Texas and that big bloke with the shot."

These championships exceeded expectations. Nine meet records and one U.S. record were broken as nearly 400 athletes from 57 colleges and universities went after the six qualifying places allotted in each of 18 events for the final U.S. Olympic trials in Los Angeles two weeks later. But some was more impressive than the slender Pitt half-miler with the fluid drive, or the human bullet from Abilene Christian, Bobby Morrow, or "the big bloke with the shot," Ken Rindtum of Manhattan.

It was easy to understand the Australian enthusiasm about Sowell. No one runs quite like this leathery 235-pounder with the 8-foot stride who, for almost two years now, has been ghosting his way around the country so swiftly and easily that most experts believe the big question in the 800 meters at Melbourne will be who gets the silver medal for second place.

At Berkeley, Sowell started from an outside lane, shot into the lead at the first turn ("Sowell's time for the first 100 meters," solemnly announced a gentleman in the press box, "was 19 seconds flat"), and the race was just about over. Sowell finished 20 yards ahead of Lang Stanley, of San Jose State, and his time, on a track which speed-happy Californians would rather not admit belonged in the family if this could be avoided, was 1:48.7, breaking the meet record and Tom

Courtney's American record as well.

Perhaps, in view of Morrow's accomplishments, it would be doing the running path at Berkeley an injustice to call it slow; despite a surface like well-aged concrete and a built-in head wind which howls around the corner of San Francisco Bay, one does not tie American sprint records on slow tracks. And, after just running a 10.4 100 meters into a 5½-mile-an-hour



MAJOR CASUALTY Dave Sime slips off track after pulling muscle in 200 final.

wind, that is exactly what Morrow did. In the 200, his 20.8 clocking was equal to the best ever made around a curve.

But for once the time wasn't really important at all. Instead it was the manner in which this tall, bronzed 20-year-old sophomore from the Rio Grande Valley ran away and hid from what was probably the finest field of dash men ever assembled. In the 199, Morrow beat Dave Sime of Duke, only runner to defeat him over that distance in more than three years, and a young man with three world records of his own up for recognition. He beat Lennon King of California, another 9.8 man, and he beat still a third in Mike Agostini, the little Fresno State flash

from Trinidad. And when it was over there was no need for anyone to examine the finish line pictures.

The two dashes, even more than the 1,500 meters and its dash of four-minute miles or the pole vault and its battle of 18-footers (which was vitiated by the absence of Villanova's Don Beagg, who had pulled a leg muscle in practice and chose to delay his try for Olympic qualification until the AAU championships this weekend), dominated local newspaper headlines and conversation; they were all anyone could read or talk about. A coach, pondered for a prediction, finally threw up his hands before trudging off to bed: "You couldn't pay me," he said, "to bet on that 100 race. It will be won right down there at the starting blocks and the guy who gets off late will never catch up."

He was right, and it was Morrow who got off first. He led Sime by a yard at the end of the first stride and Agostini and King by two. At 50 meters, Morrow was long gone. He floated through the tape two yards ahead of Sime and Agostini and twice that distance ahead of King. And after it was over, Agostini admitted a little ruefully that his start was poor and that he could have ran a little faster. "Sime can run faster, too," he said, "and so can King. Morrow? I don't know. I don't guess he needs to run any faster."

"I had a great start," said Bobby. "I looked out of the corner of my eye and when I couldn't see anybody, I knew I was all right. I never ran a better race—or ever enjoyed winning one quite so much."

It was Sime's first loss outdoors in two years, and he came back in the 204 determined to get even. This time Morrow was a slight favorite for, despite Sime's blazing time at 220 yards (a world record of 18 seconds flat just the week before), this race, as all Olympic 200-meter events, was to be run on the curve. And the handsome young Texan, an experienced relay man, was famous, wherever trackmen gather, for his ability to run a curve. No one will ever know, now, whether Dave Sime, in a week of frantic practice to master this relatively new and demanding technique, ever quite succeeded. For running in lanes next to each other, Sime and Morrow were both off very fast together, and, still together, they blazed into the turn like twin projectiles bound by some invisible hand. Then it happened. Sime, in the abrupt and almost frightening way a sprinter reacts when hit by a tortured and lamed muscle in the middle of a race, staggered and

glowed and stopped. And there was Morrow, coming out of the turn all alone. At the finish he was five yards ahead of Dick Sline, the good Kansas 200 man, Bobby Whitson of Texas, and Agostini. And Dave Sime's coach was rushing over to help him off the field.

The muscle injury was high up in the groin over the left leg and no one could say exactly how bad it might be. But it is certain to keep Sime on the sidelines at Bakerfield, where Morrow will be running again to sharpen himself for the Olympic trials another week ahead. And, because he cannot qualify there for his best race, the 200 meters, it will limit Dave Sime, who has been the most electrifying performer in an electric season, to running only the 100 at Los Angeles. Whether two weeks of rest is enough to get an injured leg ready to face Morrow and King and all the rest in the dramatic battle for one of three Olympic 100-meter berths, only two weeks of waiting will tell.

It was pathetically bad luck, and there was nothing else to match the drama of the dashes. Yet not a soul in the sun-baked crowd of 21,000 dared leave. UCLA and Kansas finished one-two in the team competition, knocking the University of Southern California's mighty Trojans off the throne they had occupied for seven straight years, but in this Olympic atmosphere all eyes were on the individual.

There was Bantam, the mammoth shutoutter who became the third man in history to surpass 60 feet. "If I had

THE ARMED FORCES MAKE THEIR BID

While the collegians were pulling muscles and getting roadblocks at Berkeley, 248 miles to the south in the Los Angeles Coliseum the Armed Forces were busy starting their own track and field championship. One world and 12 meet records were established as three contestants in each of 17 events qualified for the Olympic trials. In addition to the Air Force's Perry O'Brien, who set a new world mark with a 41-foot 4-inch put of the shot, and the Army's Lon Jones whose 400-meter victory in 47.7 equaled the best time ever posted in the U.S., expert opinion agreed that the following athletes stood the best chance of carrying the colors of Uncle Sam's armed forces on to Melbourne:

Jim Lon (Air Force), Lon Spurrier (Air Force) and Tom Courtney (Army) in the middle distances; Jack Davis (Navy) and Bill Campbell (Navy) in the high hurdles; Jack Campbell (Marine) and Bob Rittenberg (Army) in the 400-meter hurdles; Sprinkle Thane Baker (Air Force) and Ira Murebman (Army), Broad-jumper John Bennett (Army), and Jack-in-trousers or Al Campbell (Marine).

Track enthusiasts checked the results and looked forward eagerly to the head-on clash in this weekend's National AAF championships between Jones, Lon and NCAA Champ J. W. Mashburn in the 400 meter. Courtney and now U.S. Record-holder Arnie Sowell at 800 meters.

just half of him," wished Italy's visiting Olympic coach, Giorgio Oberreger, as he gazed in awe at Bantam's 6 feet 4 inches, and 234 pounds. "Italy would win an Olympic gold medal."

There was also J. W. Mashburn of Oklahoma A&M, the big blond powerhouse who for four years has ranked among the world's best quarter-milers. Mashburn almost lost his NCAA title to Penn's amazing Johnny Hayes, a renowned sprinter who beat the 1935 A&U champion, Charley Jenkins of Villanova, and came within an expanded chest of doing the same to Mashburn. Both runners were caught in 1946 and who said the track was slow?

There was also Phil Conkey, the

pleasant Cal Tech redhead who, between making honor grades at one of the nation's most demanding schools, serving as student body president and starring in football, basketball and baseball, finds time to become the best collegiate javelin thrower in the country. And there was Hop-step-and-jumper Bill Sharpe of little West Chester (Pa.) Teachers, who may not let the Brazilians and Russians get away with all the medals in that event at Melbourne after all; Greg Bell, Indiana's spring-legged broad jumper who appears capable of showing the kangaroos down under a thing or two about their own specialty; Aubrey Lewis, the Notre Dame halfback who runs so hard the 400-meter hurdles smell thick when they see him coming.

In fact, if there was a dark side for the U.S. at Berkeley, it came in the domination by foreign-born students of all races over 800 meters. This, of course, surprised no one at all.

Villanova's Irish Ron Delany and Oregon's Australian Jim Bailey, the two sub-four-minute men, had their private duel in the 1,500 meters. Both held back off a slow pace for over three laps and then, together, broke for the finish line like two little boys who had just knocked over an apple stand. Delany got there first by a yard while the grocer, as represented by the U.S. contingent, watched from afar and didn't even bother to shake an angry fist.

But an interested spectator from Minnesota named Jim Kelly, who was closing the joint preparatory to taking over as U.S. Olympic coach this fall, didn't feel at all disappointed.

"We won't if we can help it," he grinned, "but I guarantee that Melbourne we can afford to give the rest of the world a gold medal or two." (R&R)



"Happy, it's sinking fast. You've just harvested 'Official American League' as it was."

SI's envoy to the Equestrian Olympics sees jittery horses and riders share the medals, bringing most

GOLD TO SWEDEN

CORKCREWS of lightning all housed the stern Nordic towers and thunderclaps shook the Stockholm stadium. It was a bare hour before the Equestrian Games were scheduled to begin (81, June 11). Heavy gray skies threatened yet more torrential rain, but for the royal procession and opening ceremonies the sun shone brightly on the 188 contending horsemen massed behind their flying banners like medieval knights gathered for a joust.

The Olympic combat began the next day with the dressage phase, the first test of the Three Day Event, drawing 58 riders from 19 countries. Germany's Otto Rothe set the pace with a nearly faultless style, earning a low score that was never matched. Immediately after him America's Major Jonathan Burton cut an indifferent figure by contrast, although he received the best score of the U.S. competitors.

The Germans already occupied first and third individual placings when another compatriot, tall, dark August Laske-Wenthuis, entered on veteran Trux von Kamax. Before starting, Wenthuis complained of the horse's

nervousness, caused by mosquitoes, so ordered him doused with delicately scented cologne especially brought from Germany. But despite Wenthuis' undoubted skill he remained nervous through fear that Trux would be nervous, and would be heavily penalized.

The British horse Kilbarry, with Colonel F. William Weldon astride, had difficulty finding footing on the muddy ground, as the rain had started again. Nevertheless, when the points were totaled up England had captured the team lead.

For the endurance phase of the Three Day Event, the cross-country course was turned into a slippery mire by rains, and tricky jumps were made more difficult by treacherous footing. America's Frank Duffy was disqualified at a water jump, the eighth of 33 obstacles. The eighth also spilt Spain's Salgado Dominguez head first into the water. Dominguez waded out like a forlorn Don Quixote, remounted, looking cadaverous and worried, rode on only to fall again later.

Queen Elizabeth's gelding Countryman fell across the 22nd barrier, but

Rider Bertie Hill, saving the British team, grabbed the horse's forelegs and shoved him over backward so that he fell into a ditch. He was then able to scramble out and resume the course.

At day's end six riders were hospitalized, including America's Major Burton, and 11 of the 19 teams were eliminated. The British were still ahead.

The third test, the stadium jumping, was the downfall of the surviving U.S. rider, Walter Suley. His brown mare, Mad Dauber, went off the intricate course and was eliminated. The fight for the individual medals was between Sweden's Petrus Kastenman, Germany's Wenthuis and Britain's Weldon. As the points stood, Kastenman could make only one mistake if he was to gain the gold medal. If the German or the Briton made a clean round he could win. But Kastenman, worrying about time penalties, went too fast, knocking down an easy wall and then a white gate. Germany's Trux von Kamax jumped with great precision but pushed down the wall and a double hedge, leaving the place ratings as before. Although the British had virtually attained the team victory, if Weldon on Kilbarry made a perfect round he could also wrench the individual gold medal from the Swede.

Weldon started off in tense, general silence. Then his first obstacle went down. Even the Swedes cried out when Kilbarry's head next splashed into the water jump. At that point he had lost not only to Kastenman but also to Wenthuis. But Britain kept her team gold medal for the Three Day—the first time she had ever won this event.

The competition for the Grand Prix de Dressage, the second Olympic contest, saw the keenest competition between Sweden and Germany. Sweden's Gehrill Persson went through the test with flowing smoothness and an animation unmatched by other riders throughout the two-day test. His score was soon bettered, however, by Mrs. Lis Hartel of Denmark, a cripple from polio only a short time years ago. She brought her 19-year-old brown mare Jubilee through soft, precise passages, nice extensions and perfect pirouettes.

It was raining hard again when 14-year-old Henri St. Cyr, another Swede, entered at a moment when Germany was leading on points. Jull and St. Cyr, gold medal winners in 1952, performed with smoothness, precision and force. The judges took the terrain into consideration and St. Cyr and the Swedes were again individual and team victors.

Then came the last contest—the Prix des Nations (jumping). The course,



secret until the day of the event, was universally acknowledged as the stiffest man in Olympic competition and was made even more difficult by rains which had turned the field into slush.

A tricky double jump received the most study when the 68 riders were permitted course inspection before the event. Germany's Hans Winkler was the dark glamer he was when looking at the jumps, claiming they stand out better that way. Several times he paced the length between the double jump as if hoping he had been mistaken. Italy's Piero D'Innocenti eyed the space with confidence, and England's Pat Smythe curiously studied Winkler's resolute pacing.

The first half of the event, the morning round, quickly became a contest among Germany, Great Britain and Italy. Germany's first rider, Alois Luetke-Weshausen, was off to a bad start with four knockdowns, and Italy's Piero D'Innocenti took the lead with only two bars topped. Then Germany's Fritz Thiedemann, riding in a heavy rain, matched his score, followed by Pat Smythe on Flanagan to make it a three-way individual tie. Italy's Raimondo D'Innocenti later joined his brother, Pat Smythe and Thiedemann. The last German member, Hans Winkler, cantered through the wire to clear 12 jumps without a fault. At the 15th his mare, Italia, took off badly, clearing the jump but jolting Winkler in the saddle. Winkler, hurt in the groin, slumped back at the final obstacle which the mare knocked down. But he and Germany had taken the lead.

In the final round Winkler, after anesthetic injections, whooping audaciously at each obstacle, made an incredibly faultless round and consolidated the double victory. Raimondo D'Innocenti squaled the best on his cantileo jumper, taking second from his brother and a silver medal for Italy. (C.H.R.)

MEDAL WINNERS

Team	Individual
THREE DAY EVENT	
1. G. Britain	Kuchemann (Sweden)
2. Germany	Luetke-Weshausen (Germany)
3. Canada	Winkler (G. Britain)

GRAND PRIX DE BRUXELLES

1. Sweden	St. Cyr (Sweden)
2. Germany	Hartel (Germany)
3. Switzerland	Lundstedt (Germany)

FREE SHOW JUMPING

1. Germany	Winkler (Germany)
2. Italy	R. D'Innocenti (Italy)
3. G. Britain	P. D'Innocenti (Italy)



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The week's most amazing decision was outside of the ring in which DeMarco clearly beat Martinez—it was

HELFAND'S LAPSE

DURING A WEEK in which the Boston Pops Orchestra could bring itself to play *The Rock and Roll Waltz* at Symphony Hall it was not, perhaps, off-key for the Massachusetts Boxing Commission to issue a manager's license to Herbert Bill Daly to the contrapuntal rhythm of Julius Helfand's real jazz decision that welterweight Champion Johnny Saxton may, if he wishes, fight in New York, and never mind what anybody (including Helfand himself) ever said about whacking up games with Blinky Palermo.

These events were the confusing overture to the Tony DeMarco-Vince Martinez fight at Fenway Park. They made a tune that boxing will dance to long after DeMarco's truly stirring comeback victory is forgotten in all but the record books. For they make it seem that Helfand cannot now hope to win the cooperation of some important boxing states on anything like a dependable basis. Helfand has insisted that the various states must recognize each other's suspensions, even to the extent of refusing to let boxers sign their own fight contracts if their managers are suspended. As he said at the New York Boxing Writers' annual dinner last winter, it would be "sheer hypocrisy" to suppose that a fighter and his suspended manager would not meet after such a bout and "whack up the purse." He was very bitter indeed that the Massachusetts and Illinois boxing commissions felt this policy would visit unfair hardship on innocent boxers. He was particularly bitter that Illinois allowed Saxton, managed by the unlicensed Palermo, to sign for the fight in which Saxton won the welterweight championship from Carmen Basilio.

But last week the New York commissioner, who had won respect and cooperation in other troubled boxing centers by sticking to stern principle, compromised his own rule. On the plea of Basilio and Norman Rothchild, Syracuse promoter, Helfand decided that it would be all right for Saxton to

sign for a Basilio fight in New York. He did not, he said, wish to deprive Basilio of a chance to win back his title.

Certainly Carmen Basilio deserves a full measure of justice, but just as the ethics of Casanova grow in muddy soil, so boxing's life depends in great part on the murky decisions of boxing commissions. By this one, for all its charitable purpose, Helfand has given aid and comfort to his enemies.

"Hah," smiled Bill Daly at the Martinez-DeMarco weighing, his fair body covered with bruises from Helfand's pounding fists. "Hypocrite Helfand. You can take notes. Remember the great speech he made at the Boxing Writers' dinner? Him and his high-powered press agent. Not one supposed racketeer has he discovered but he has destroyed more people who have been in boxing 35 years—Tex Sullivan over there, without a stain on his name until Helfand.

"He has done this Basilio thing to satisfy the whims of upstate politicians in New York. He is the stooge of the politicians."

Daly had just benefited by a decision of the Massachusetts commis-

sion. Last April, he says, the commission promised him a license. But a few days before the Martinez-DeMarco fight, his application was rejected, out of respect for Helfand's feelings in the matter and a long-standing agreement with the New York commission. Next day, after consultation with the attorney general, it was accepted. The agreement, it seems, has expired.

As for Blinky Palermo, he sat at ringside with Saxton and proudly passed around a statement, signed by Saxton, which proclaimed the Blink as "my manager, my friend and my advice . . . honest and trustworthy in every dealing we have had."

"I am going along with Mr. Palermo," Johnny said.

This too was a slap at Helfand, who once told Palermo he could not hope to get a license in New York. With the expiration of his Pennsylvania license, Blinky just doesn't have one. But he goes on managing. He will manage in New York too, if Helfand's latest ruling leads to a Saxton-Basilio fight there. Saxton, however, seemed loath to make any deals without Palermo or to fight Basilio in his home town.

The Martinez-DeMarco fight? In fight-fevered Boston, it seemed to a visitor that it overshadowed all problems of principle in public concern. And it really was a dandy. Martinez took the first four rounds with a magnificent display of boxing, then succumbed to an overwhelming, two-fisted attack from a reborn DeMarco, who crashed lefts and rights to the body and head with unstoppable abandon for the remaining six rounds and earned a close but well-deserved decision. (KANE)



CHASING THE DOC

continued from page 3

from every corner of the course rushed to join his already large gallery and to root the old warhorse home. On the short 69th Ben barely missed his duce. On the 70th he rage within inches of hitting a 16-footer for his birdie. On the 71st he was strong with his second (a wood) but pinched a tidy little chip out of the rough to within three feet of the cup, maybe closer. Ben was about to stroke the putt when he suddenly stopped. He set himself again, then tapped the ball just over the right-hand corner of the cup. Now he needed a birdie to tie Mielkeoff and a 1 on the final hole, which, what with the steady wind blowing into the gallery's faces, was no easy matter. Ben gave it everything he had, digging a tremendous second out of the rough and onto the green some 30 feet from the pin. All that can be said about his put is that it was a very good one but did not go down. Hogan's total of 282 was two strokes lower than the figure that he thought would win. On each of his four rounds he hit the ball well, very well, probably better than he has done in a major tournament since Carnoustie in 1953. A little more success with his short putts might well have seen the hero home.

Next came Julius Bues, playing about a hole and a half behind Hogan. Bues, in fact, may be described as the least appreciated of the game's great players. Indolently relaxed at all times, disdainful of cultivated dexterity, Julius is always referred to as "hol-cress" and rarely commands an adoring gallery. Those who have the good fortune to watch him almost always see a stout-haired, colorless exhibition of abstruseness, and they certainly did on Oak Hill. Julius needed a final 48—a 33 in, 2 under par—to tie with Mielkeoff. He hinted the 64th by ripping a long iron over a guarding trap 10 feet from the hole. He lost that stroke by 3-putting the 65th. He got it back on the 66th with a solid birdie 3. One more birdie to tie now. Four holes to get it on. A nine-ducer for it on the 69th. It died on the lip. An 18-footer for it on the 70th. Again, just off the lip. No chance for it on the 71st—in fact, a helluva 4, down in 2 from the left-hand trap. On the home hole, munching calmly on a blade of grass even as he played his shots, Julius banged out an accurate drive and then, without prelude, dashed a characteristically lurching iron right on the stick, set on

continued on next page

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TIP FROM THE TOP



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average woman golfer

One fundamental fault which I have observed to be shared by many women golfers is that they start with their hands behind the ball at address and, consequently, have their hands in a weak position throughout their swing.

The error begins when a player lines up faultily. In the process of lining up her hands with the club face and also with the target, a golfer tends to get the hands behind the club face in the act of placing the club behind the ball to sight the line. After obtaining her line, she forgets to get her hands back in front of the club face. Having the hands in front is more important than is generally understood. It sets up a strong left side, with the left hand the leader at all times. It leads to a more natural cock of the wrists on the backswing and a more natural body turn. With the hands behind, the right hand is in a position to take charge, thus introducing many errors. The golfer will pull the club too far inside or pick it up too sharply, and generally fall into a strained incorrect position at the top and a lurching approach to impact.

When you are getting the hands set at address, that is the time to extend the left arm comfortably. You won't overswing, but you will be in a fully extended position at the top.



INCORRECT: HANDS BEHIND

CORRECT: HANDS AHEAD

NEXT WEEK: SAM SNEAD ON THE IMPORTANCE OF RELAXED LEGS

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CHANGES IN THE SEASCAPE



Sporting life on the beach is being spiced this summer with a new approach in the art of concealment or exposure to the sun

THIS WEEK, with the first day of summer, the ocean's slowly warming swells break over the sandy beaches of the northern outcroppings of the continent, and the line-up of beachgoers bracketing the U.S. is manned to the final outpost.

In Portland, Maine and in Portland, Ore., the parade of bathers, boaters and spectators is on.

How to distinguish this summer's vacationers from last summer's is chiefly the matter of a few fashion pointers. Two months ago, 38 photographed prophetic play clothes on the warm sands of Acapulco to serve as a summer guide to the beachgoer in the cape and bay country in the north. The four pages that follow illustrate the following fine points:

THE SWATHLED SEA BATHER will be readily recognized by the fact that she appears on the beach in a hooded beach jacket which reveals only chin and nose above, but every inch of leg below. Once settled under the sun, however, she probably will wear a Bikini-brief two-piece knitted bathing suit which easily gives her double value for her sun time.

THE MIDDY SWIR is fashionable because of the overblouse which yields to no shape but its own until it stops at the hip line. When worn over a bathing suit it is usually long enough to conceal the fact.

THE CLASSIC SPECTATOR will more than ever this year stick to classic white for the dress to be worn at the country club. A further point of definition is the "Empire" neckline, usually marked with a belt.

THE ADVANCE GUARD point of definition in new dresses and playgiras is the bare midriff. In this, its first year, it is usually a modest one-inch space of skin, but bears watching for further development in summer, 1957.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOPER

BEACH NIGHTIE is the name of evening-striped coat Carmen Litman wears beside an Acapulco pool (John White, 89).



TWO-PIECE SUITS ARE THIS SUMMER'S HOTTEST BEACHwear. JOANNE DUTTON WALKS OFF WITH MARYBON JONES' LINGERANCE UNDERWEAR.

BIG-THOUGHT—Gotta Flarey, \$14.95, is the summer's favorite color—yellow—shown on the head of Anna Planchet of Mexico City.



DISMISSABLE SHIRT—Shirts (H. H. Wang), under kiddishly playful clothes which change suitlines, are worn by Jansen Allen.





EMPIRE WAISTLINES give a new shape to sportswear whims. *Clare* (left) wears an Acapulco-style suit (at) by Orla Grant, and *Jodie* (right) wears a dress by Jodie Beyer and

GAINSBOROUGH APPROACH extends to bathing suits. *Robin* (right) wears navy beach hat with gray suit (Clare/McCandell, under \$44).

FEEL-A-BOD MIDRIFTS are successors to hip-length overblouses. Jeanne Alain suggests linen top and shorts (Dorothy Cox, under \$25).



an Empire-belted white pigee (McMullen, under \$30) and an embroidered seagull shirt with yellow shorts (Greta Plutsky, under \$30).

SPINNAKER STRIPES are the wildest of this broadly striped season, as in drawstring blouse and bloomers (Lorraine Budge, under \$27).

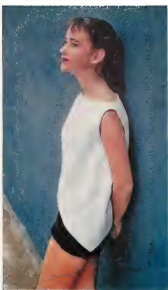


SIGNAL FLAG SHIRT (Lorraine Bayley, \$11) is notched front and back, adds nautical air to land or seashore. It is worn by Jale Dwyer.



JAPANESE KITE print bathing suit has an Oriental-jag skirt front (Tina Lauer, under \$23). Juneau Alois water-skins at Club de Ski.

DOCKNEY'S SILKS inspired shirt and shorts (Kenne Barr, under \$16). Gella Grant shows correct length for this summer's shorts—short.



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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINSEWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from 26 bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

IN THE MIDDLE

SECRETARY of the Interior and sometime sportsman, Frederick Andrieu Seaton, hooked his first political game fish last week and played it with diplomatic dexterity.

He had inherited the White House executive order directing the creation of a Bureau of Fisheries by July 1 (OUTDOOR WEEK, June 18). The new agency would assume all fish functions of the Fish and Wildlife Service and also hearken to the woe of an ailing commercial fishery. Conservationists fearful of, among other things, short shrift for sport fishing have attacked the move. Commercial fishing interests have hailed it as the saving of their

Fish and Wildlife Service along with the far seal, polar bear and sea otter, all originally slated for the new bureau.

Such a compromise, it seems, would meet fairly the problems of both sides and, at the same time, enhance Mr. Secretary's reputation as an angler of finesse in stormy waters.

•

BOO

WILDLIFE split a wild double-header with man last week.

Near Woodstock, New Brunswick, Clifford Kidney bounced up and down on a pile of brush to flush out a porcupine. To his regret the porcupine turned out to be a bear cub, and he was further unstrung when, with an outraged and authoritative howl, the cub's mother lumbered on the scene. Kidney swiped at her with an ax and fanned. Mama crossed a snappy right and upended Mr. Kidney in the underbrush. He picked himself out, a bit the worse for wear. Mother with cub flounced off.

A Tennessee bobcat didn't do nearly as well. One Kenneth Dunbar was fishing near Crossville when he heard a sound behind him. "I thought," said Dunbar, "that it was a bog until I saw him." What Dunbar saw was a lean and hungry bobcat about to pounce on his hard-won catch. What Dunbar did was pick up a handy cane-bottomed chair, latch the flying cat a fatal whack in the neck and return to the peaceful pastime of angling.

ORIGINAL BY CRANE

IT WAS ALL TOO much for the New Orleans Audubon Park Zoo director,

George Douglas. After whooping crane Josephine and husband Crip had dramatically increased the world's whooper population to 31 by hatching two chicks (31, June 11) and refused it to 20 by losing one, Douglas retired to a hospital exhausted but happy.

Douglas is now fit and back at the zoo. The chick, as yet unnamed, is now

Secretary of Interior Seaton angles in controversial waters, Texas ropes a whooper, and one scientist gets a charge out of the destructive lamprey

the size of a skinny pheasant (below) and may soon be on public display. But New Orleans, which until last week could boast the only three whooping cranes in captivity, is faced with ominous signs of competition from Texas.

The *San Antonio Light* called it a "whoop (per) dunt." Speculation raged, rumor was rife. Was there or was there not a newly captured whooping crane



SPRINTING CRANE TRIPS ITS BONY WINGS

in San Antonio's Brackenridge Park Zoo? Curator of Birds James L. Chism coyly denied it until he had consulted the Fish and Wildlife Service. Then came the shattering proclamation. Rosie, a 5-foot female whooper, was indeed at the zoo. Unable to fly because of a damaged wing, she had been roped by Rancher Ed Kirby near Lometa. Rosie, though, didn't take kindly to such ruses tactics, and Kirby was a patchwork of nasty bites by the time he had the bird tucked in his barn and Chism strutting from San Antonio to take custody.

San Antonio hopes to find a mate for Rosie, but New Orleans is not yet resigned to sharing its place in the ornithological sun. Said George Douglas when he heard the news: "I think the new bird would be better off right here ... a single bird is apt to brood and grow sick. ..." From Texas there is no comment, only joy.

RESIGNATION

New York Conservation Commissioner Louis A. White, severely criticized for his charges of "sabotage" against career biologists in his department (OUTDOOR WEEK, June 18), resigned last week. Justin T. Mahoney, 44-year-old Deputy Commissioner, who has been in the New York Conservation Department since 1911, has been named Acting Commissioner, and Peter W. Fortuyn has withdrawn his resignation as editor of *The New York State Commissioner*.

industry. At week's end Seaton had conferred with, and lavishly impressed, both camps.

Said the Secretary: "... I had the pleasure of meeting with representatives of a number of conservationist organizations. . . members of the group asked that a second look be given the pending reorganization of the fishery functions of the department. This, they were assured, will be done. . ." No one believes that Businessman Seaton will give in wholly to Sportsman Seaton. A Bureau of Fisheries may come into being. But most Washington observers look for Seaton to recommend that he be concerned with commercial fishing alone, that other fish matters be left where they are, in the

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In 15 years the sea lamprey, a sometimes 24-inch gelatinous parasite, has nearly wiped out the trout.

Fisheries biologists have achieved limited success in eliminating the lamprey by installing electric wires to repel the parasites as they move into tributary streams to spawn. But tributaries are legion and wires expensive. Recently, however, two unique discoveries have given scientists hope that lamprey days are numbered. Dr. Herman Kierschoper, a Dutch zoologist, knew that leeches of the sea lamprey's ancestor hinted at organs which might have produced an electrical charge. With that in mind he wired a contemporary lamprey and not actively to his surprise found that it generated enough current to wink on and off a small neon bulb.

Kilnscooper reasons that the lamprey's electrical field serves as an extraordinary device and believes it possible to interfere with the field and shape the lamprey into areas where it can be automatically eliminated.

Old wagers in the lamprey campaign, men like Dr. James W. Moffatt, Chief of Great Lakes Fisheries Investigations, agree that Kleckhoper's discovery is an important one, but they are properly cautious and at the moment are considerably more cheered by the startling results of tests with a new

Units electric weir which discourage lampreys from spawning but have no effect on lamprey larvae already in the streams, the drug, a phenolated compound, quickly kills larvae with no parallel damage to game fish. Furthermore, it is cheap and two eight-man teams could eliminate all generations of emerging lamprey larvae at the rate of 50 spawning streams a year. Scientists hope fervently that the lampreys be on the way to joining its fossilized ancestors.

[illegible]

IMPORTANCE: Madison River is clearing and with spruce trees abundant. P1 and P40 in Ender area. Other large streams P1 and P4; small streams and larger lakes P1/P1 and P41 as high water records.

rainbow: Two anglers holding Rainbow Trout in North Bay area last week; took eight rainbows averaging 3 pounds; largest was 7 1/2. Lake trout 48 G in Thompson's district and on lakes east of Sand Point, Idaho.

[illegible]

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Vancouver Island, peninsular and offshore islands (P1) with few; Pinnacles, Bluffs and Mile High Is. (P2) and P1; Stuart Is. (P3) and 40P; Vancouver Island, offshore islands with no trail, and P1 with few after sandpiper. Rare generally P1 but some surveys has reported, especially at Little Qualicum. Ground HEP 30.

WATER: Last week's heat wave caused moisture into the spring holes, and result was excellent. day-by fishing if you know where to cast. In southern tier hole again are Haymarket Pond, Lake Umbagog and mouth of Merrimack River at Manchester Lake. All of them have water degree outside. Merrimack Lake with shallow hole.

Angels' and the 18 pounds reported last week. Meanwhile, Hamilton will move down north-shore averages to Lake Superior and spring freely, with several in the 10-pound class landed last week. Strawns are N and C, best producers are Red and White and others out of Grand Marais, and Greenwood takes on 12-inch Trout. We file and mycophagy taking the most fish. April Lake fishing, small rainwater trout, about averaging 4 pounds, and OG for brook trout. Some of the best shiners are smaller shiners.

[illegible]

Wentworth, Nubergan River in Ross County producing new catches of brook trout. Mouth of same river and Tule River now worth a visit. Another hot spot is upper Missouri River in the Missouri state.

trapper. In northern Idaho Lake Pend Oreille and Priest Lake are producing fair to good catches of rainbow trout, much less so and Selkirk Valley trout, but still respectable. Later Keweenaw, Kootenai and Snake lakes, Priest Lake were 30 and 50 at present time but should be fishing well now. In northern states, there is also a good prospect for stream fishing as Snakehole Creek was hot (but only for sport fishermen). In Swan Valley near Reno, Elk and Mackay rivers are hot.

muscle; the complete specimen with vertebrae that cleaned out fresh fish two years ago. Emotional (also in open spirit and growing) long stretches of *Hamlet* catches, from 10 inches; new young last, and DVA, Upper (Newman River C. M. PPA) far brown (and on the fish, and CAC, Median River as all effects).

[illegible]

POSSIBILITIES: Grasslands and Upland County have lost P4 and G4. Columbia Range lands have less loss than earlier but still P4. On wet side, Hoot. Silvercreek report P4G4 with loss in Mammal, Tanager, Sp. Melvillae and Pallidus King. Most stream and lake areas B, R and B. Forested areas Wymoreville have been losing good stands of about 30-40 percent but have to compete with wandering herds of wild turkeys. Smaller streams high on Cascade slopes producing good riparian, but harder to study types.

diatoms: Heavy growths throughout Sierra make outlook uncertain through June. Siskiwit, Huron and Keweenaw lakes had considerable numbers in May-June areas. Tuckermans River watered in last lot in central Sierra region. One-half picture shows undisturbed water conditions and mostly calm.

FISH H03

Among the week's notable catches after a nine-hour battle, for Miss Carol Walling of Taununga, New Zealand, a 105-pound *trachurus* caught between IGFA Women's All-Tackle record; by Ethel H. Haskins of Menloville, California, on borrowed light spinning tackle a 37-pound, 16-ounce sea bass on 10-pound test line; a 175-pound *trachurus* for C. L. Jennings of Sarasota, Florida, caught in Boca Grande Pass; by Bob Getchell of Bismarck, Idaho, a 215-pound catfish; a 100-pound *trachurus* for a record on spinning tackle and 8-pound test line after a 4½-minute struggle.

WILDE PLANTING were planted: First fish of season, a 455-pounder, was taken last week by Walter H. Carr of Portsmouth, Virginia, captain of Inland Lighting. Carr also landed a smaller but not at all less choiceworthy fish. Dade County coast is better and best fishery in the area, however. CYN.

ATLANTIC SALMON: Water warm; Monday West top Nevada stream salmon river last week with total of 33 fish out of 125 for the journey; Killary counted with 250 fish. Salmon and 80, Mary Chapman. Water levels generally normal, and 100.

NEW ARRIVALS: All rivers III and IV last week had salmon more than normally abundant in large runs of northops (Mitsuchi) and Dungeness rivers; IV, P and CR.

STRIPED BASS: MASSACHUSETTS: Strictly an in fall fish all along coast with Cape Cod Canal and north Cape Codder. good to very good from Boston.

POUNCE BLOWER Looking on as one of the 100 Philans landed a 100-pounder from Black Island and took out the last of the 100 Philans.

more accurate. However, though a few more specimens to New York Harbor will not hurt, please limit or control them. Forgive my computer at moment; number of buttons studied by 100-mile beach chains so which are situated three rubber-beds shorts and a pair of T. 4 beach-chain decorated with an Rumba strip of pink sand. Angles low about 100 feet of low sand, the whole new, containing. No one knows why this thing works, but it operates in a beach-chain. (1999)

California. High winds have scattered fish throughout delta area, and most fish taken are small, with the exception of *Scorpaenidae* landed last week by Mickey Gurnea of Rio Vista off Turkey Island in the Sacramento River, 90a where sand clouts.

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[illegible]

TREES: HOOLYHOCKS (*Silene*) is common and saplings are abundant and Allegheny National Forest are L and C except where local *Staphyle trifolia* raised levels last week. Most by Sapling are one or two inches wide; less than 10%.

BASEBALL THE ROMAN WAY

continued from page 28

let us finish the game," he implored. "Let us not interrupt for the passionate act of a single player."

"I don't feel like umpiring any more," said Vivian coldly. His fingers were trembling. "I'm simply not in the mood any more."

"Naturally," breathed Ciabatti. "But try. Not for those teams, but for baseball. For the future of Italy. For sport. For—"

Vivian took a deep, indignant gasp through his closed, reddened nostrils, stood off and addressed everybody. "Listen, I don't know one player here from another. I don't even know who hit me—yet. But I know what I like. When someone puts a dish of pasta *arrabbiata* with tomato sauce in front of me"—here he caught a new trickle of red stealing down his lip—"I have a right to say, 'I don't want spaghetti today.' That's all I say now. It might be good for you, for baseball, for Italy that this game be finished. All I say is, 'I, Carlo Vivian, refuse to eat this dish of *pasta arrabbiata*.' Read my findings in my report." With a red rick glowing on his left cheekbone he walked over to the whitewashed shack, firmly hooked his mask on his scooter, mounted with a Nazi finality and rode away.

Vivian's walkout, which seemed abrupt at the time, became less capricious when I learned that he had been "justified," as the U's delicately put it, by a crowd earlier this season. His unhappy habit of hybridizing pitches into ball strikes and strike balls had excited

the public, but his scooter's speed had saved him.

As a contrast to the inconclusive contest, I accompanied the Nettuno champions on a trip to play against the cular team, the Brooklyn of Florence. The Brooklyn, if they remain on the bottom, will be demoted into the B league, while the leading team in the B league moves up. This ladder system has been borrowed from soccer, because every Italian understands it. I had imagined the Brooklyn as started by some Dodger fan whose spelling was weak, but in Florence I learned better. Broke, without a diamond and seeking an angel, the Florentine team turned to the manufacturers of a raincoat known as "the Brooklyn." In return for Brooklyn being lettered on all shirts, the company gave \$700, saving Florence from extinction.

I sat in the bleachers with the president of Tuscan baseball, Dino Raffaelli, an earnest young travel agent. "Maybe Florence is too arid for baseball," he said. "We can't even find an American coach." Clarence Burke, a mulatto former army captain married to a Florentine girl, coached Florence for a while but departed last year for Liberia. "I'd keep an American coach at my house all summer," said Raffaelli. "He could spend his mornings at the Uffizi soaking up culture, and afterwards he could teach us how to hunt decently. Is that a silly offer?"

While the president nattered his sermons, the Florentines around us

were cheering Brooklyn madly. "They are apassionate!" Raffaelli conceded, "but it's always the same people. Even at 300 lire (18¢) for admission, half of them wait for the fifth inning to get in free."

Behind as a gray-haired lady with the profile of a frog was trying to save the game for Brooklyn, flanked by two daughters. Choosing Tagliabene, the dark little 29-year-old Nettuno pitcher, as her target, she fumbled for a weakness in his subconscious. "Remember Spain!" she shrieked, believing he could be made to feel guilty for Italy's defeat. The pitcher, secure in his 4-0 tie in Barcelona, smiled back at her like a Raphael angel. She hated his good humor. "Be-foss!" she cried. As the Nettuno runners ran around the Brooklyn bases, she made a neurotic plea to the two umpires, hard-headed types from the auto city of Turin. "Look, they never touch a base, not one," she cried, shaking her fist. "Lo stupido! [They bewitch it!]"

THE LADY WANTS BLOOD

Her daughters kept chanting "Fut-tolo fuori! [Throw out the bum!]" All three were well-groomed ladies, but baseball had made them maniacal. The old lady provoked a Florentine change of pitchers by yelling, at exactly the right moment, "Il tuo lanciatore è già rinchiodato [Your pitcher's already warmed up!]" When two Nettuno outfielders collided, her daughters yipped, "Vai via solo! [Want a ladder!]" When a Nettunese made a brilliant catch, their mother granted grudgingly, "Ah, superbis," meaning roughly, "Oh, you fathead."

As the game ended 13-2 for Nettuno the old lady wound up by threatening the visitors in inelegant Florentine, "Lo prossimo volta si fa la cassa [next time you'll get your lumps!]"

At his flat the Brooklyn players, undecouraged, insisted that Raffaelli show me how he makes their baseballs. Raffaelli got out a shoe box containing a new baseball, rolls of white and red yarn, small solid rubber balls, long needles and several unstitched ball covers.

"Our team," said the president, threading a needle, "are only as wealthy as the balls they own. Under the rules every team must have at least three balls to show the umpire. But even the cheap Japanese kind cost 1,700 lire (\$2.72). This shortage is serious. Last week the Roman street-car conductors lost by default because they could show the umpire only one ball. So—I taught myself to make regulation baseballs."



DEEP IN CRAMPED SLEEP, eight members (two bases in foreground) of Nettuno Class A team huddled for Rome in third-class compartment after hard game in Florence.



"BROOKLIN" LETTERING on shirt is spacer's product name, so misspelling.

To make a ball takes the president about eight hours, which is probably faster than Ford Frick could fashion one. "My first balls," he admitted stylishly, "tended toward being eggs. I couldn't stitch up the covers. I even had to butcher an American ball, to learn how you and the thread. To make my yarn ring tighter after winding, I dip the ball in water. Then to dry the yarn before stitching, I roast the balls, like baked apples. I use an ordinary kitchen oven."

When I got back to Rome, sleeping third class in a milk train with the Nettuno, eight men to a compartment, I heard the Q situation still bubbling. Calabelli had fired Danilo from the Q roster for life. Danilo took it well, understanding that this move was really intended to appease Vivian in ordering the game replayed. This stratagem worked. The susceptible Vivian yielded. This change angered the U team. When I talked to Giovanni Serra, a well-bred civil servant in his late 30s who heads the league of umpires, I found him little amused by Vivian's postgame switch. "Vivian was never the same after that first crowd chased him," he said. "He changes too many decisions. I believe it is impossible for a frightened umpire to have healthy reflexes. Don't you agree?" I agreed.

Italy is wise enough to realize that baseball is a game of emotions. Even the sainted McGarity was once banished for life for slugging an umpire. The next year the Italians revoked his sentence. The year after they gave him a heavy gold medal, decorated with the forked trident of Neptune. (L.M.W.)

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DIVING THE SKY

continued from page 19

from Seattle; Lewis Sanborn, an apprentice carpenter from Florida; and Bob Fair, a sign painter from East Tennessee. However well they do, it is the big aim of the team to let the 13 other competing countries see that the U.S. is trying to keep up in a new sport that has spread through half of Europe on both sides of the Curtain.

The theoretical origins of the parachute stem from several streams in history. As might be expected, Leonardo da Vinci put down definite ideas about its use. The balloon had scarcely been developed in the late 18th century before men were jumping in parachutes. The parachute became a carnival item, and this prompted some aerodynamicists to look down their noses at it. Though a Polish balloonist, Jerdala Kuparento, actually saved himself with a chute in 1803, balloonists, weighing one miracle against another, often decided to trust their luck in their exploded balloon fabric than switch to an untried parachute (some of them lived to argue that they had made the right choice).

In the 1920s the United States led the world in parachuting. In 1912 an American, Albert Berry, was the first to parachute from a plane, wearing enough clothes to keep a Sherpa warm

as precaution against the fierce winds of the prep Mast at 55 miles an hour. The first man to save himself from a disabled plane was Air Corps Lieutenant Harold Harris, who fell over Dayton, Ohio in 1922, demolishing a grape arbor. According to the records, in 1928 the first parachuting Santa Claus fell in the Susquehanna River near Wilkes Barre and was towed out by a horse while children wept. Two hundred plane pilots saved themselves in that decade, notable among them Test Pilot Jimmy Collins, an Air Corps major named Lewis Beereken and a first lieutenant named Jimmy Donliffe. In two years a barnstormer and Air Corps reservist named Charles Lindbergh saved himself a record number of four times, nearly being cut down twice by his own plotless plane.

Toward the end of the 1920s the U.S. lost its parachuting initiative. In 1928 General Billy Mitchell, the country's most famous prophet without honor, staged a "mass" jump of a machine-gun squad to prove that the parachute might be a weapon as well as a life line. That was the most the U.S. did until it was almost too late. The Russians first tried military jumping in 1930. In five years, more than 50,000 Russians got jump experience, and in a few more

years the effect of Hitler's chutists were jumping for keeps in the Spanish Civil War. By World War II Russia had more than 100 jump towers, most of them used for sport. At the start of the war the only worthwhile tower in the U.S. was the one used by everybody and his grandmother at the New York World's Fair.

There are in Russia today, to judge from rough reports, about 25,000 who sky dive for sport and possibly 300,000 with some jump experience. At 10 civilian centers in France, about 1,000 sportsmen train each year. Contemplating how far behind the U.S. is now, Ray Young, an American who has seen many of the French in jump training, has observed, "Americans will have to be educated. As it stands now, most American parents would rather have a delinquent child in the family than a parachuting one." Among U.S. parents there has been one exception, cheerfully noted by Joe Crane, the veteran jumper who manages the U.S. team. "A man called me in the office one day," Crane relates, "and says he's Charles A. Lindbergh. Well, I thought it was some kind of a gag. But it turns out it really was Lindbergh, and he wants to rent a parachute so his son Jon can get the experience. It's cheerful to know we might have such an experienced man on our side."

—COLEB PHINNEY



Clark, Norring Valley, N.Y.; Tom Meenan, Arden, Suffern, N.Y.; Flying Arrow Archers, Sayre, N.Y.; Kingston Archers, Kingston, N.Y.; Hudson Archers, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.; Stony King Archers, Cornwall, N.Y.; Mohawk Archers, Milton, N.Y.; Ray Hines, Alexander R. Hunsbuck, Jim Jenkins, Stan Cook, Janice Thompson, Ned Cunningham, Dave Duffy, Nancy Hagins, Gordon Huber, Joe Kimes, Kay Kimes, Kit Lewis, Susan T. Skoppard, all of Cayuga Falls, Ohio; Nick Thomas, Joe Patrick, Pat Terrence, Edmund Ballard, Bob Hale, Joe Connell, Rollin McKeehan, Lee W. Grant Jr., Shady Heider, Howard Winkblad, Van D. Marks, R. D. Williams, Sam Fred Fink, John Fandy, Paul DeVito, Dan Frostman, Joe Pilla, Bunkie Smith, Robert L. Dora, Josh Harsanyi, Nelson Stacey, Sam Rydzinski, Howard Doyle, Bill Thomas, Hal Barlow, Betty Rife, John Pennington, Nancy Barones, Charles Higgins, Sam Barlow, Tom Dunlap, Bill Killebrew, Bill Simpson, Ellen Browning, Walter Brown, Steve Thornton, Jerry Graham, Louise Carmichael, George Frenzel, Charlie Epps, Roland Prince, Ramsey Allen, Roy Sullivan, Tommy Robinson, Bobbie Hansen, Jackie Tammara, Ann Tammara, Madeline Tammara, John Rodin, Jerry Goldberg, Paul Trout, Luther Agnes, John Perry, Bob Kemper, Fred Wapenhorst, Sam Thinner, Bill Laditsch, Coach Ira Green, Coach Robert White, Bill Bailey, Coach Ben Martin, Milt Dickson, Phil Collette, Russ Harwood, Jeff, Gene Condon, Clint, M. K. Hays, Steve Williams, Mel Ansel, Arthur Walker, Coach Sam Jones, Bill Davis, J. M. Young, C. W. Hughes, Coach Matt McLean, Pete Ladetti, J. F. Farwood, Coach Lee Hale, Paul Owens, Burton Kimes, Bob Shanks, Skip Lantz, Frank Snyder Jr., DeWitt Roberts, Tom Mullikin, Coach Conley Allen, Coach Pete Craig, Jack McLean, Margaret Mitchell, Bill Gint, B. E. McWeely, R. L. Clark, Amy Greville, Coach Roy Hirschman, Glenn Reinken, John Wood, C. C. Fawcett, Walter Davis, P. G. Harnaker, Frank (Red) Baker, Joseph J. Zarnoff, Dr. Alvin Weinberg, Bob Adams, Walter Gorman, Jackie Wapner, Carl Vigness, Richard B. Propper, Alan D. Conger, A. A. Altschiller, Howard Harris, Robert Layman, Ray Sparks, Joe Tulliver, James Walsh, Rod Carroll, Sam Hansen, Gene Wells, Howard Barclay, Gil C. Brill, David Smith, Gerald Clark, Marjorie M. Hays, Mike Wallace W. Latham, Mrs. Sam DeCamp, Oscar McNeil, all of Oak Ridge, Tenn.—ED.

THE PROPER THING

Sirs:

The *August Elephant Not Killed by Men* (54, June 41) is certainly one of your best stories this year, fine thing does disturb me though. Did our heroic biggame hunter track down the other wounded elephant? I would think this would be only proper.

Clema, Ill.

PAUL R. JENSEN

■ Flykötér also shot and killed the smaller of the two elephants to prevent its charging his party.—ED.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Sirs:

I wish to congratulate Jack Flykötér for the most exciting true life story I have ever read. I have one question though. How old was the big elephant? He must have been pretty old to have been shot before with a musket-loading blitshock.

NORM JARSON

FRANK RIDGE, N.Y.

■ In Flykötér's estimation the elephant was at least 100 years old.—ED.

NOT THE SPORTING THING

Sirs:

... May I suggest the editor-in-chief himself buy an elephant gun and do a little hunting in his own neighborhood to find the misguided soul who considered this article to have any relevance to sports or to sportsmanship?

BRANDON F. BRANON
Milton, Mass.

■ Though always in season, inhabitants of a magazine neighborhood (*Editorial neighborhood*) are considered sitting ducks by true sportsmen.—ED.

PERSONAL PREFERENCE

Sirs:

I should have preferred to read that the biggest elephant was spared and was still roving his animal kingdom. Quite a "target."

BILL HOAR
Laguna Beach, Calif.

UNSPORTY

Sirs:

Admirable is the man who stalks a tiger with a high-powered rifle, a jaguar with a spear or who fights a bull, bare against steel.

But the killer of the biggest elephant had the relative security of a Sherman tank or machine aimed against a partially crippled, near-sighted animal.

Permit me to say that the article was not worthy of your excellent publication.

HENRIK R. JOHANSSON

Tampa, Fla.

THE IMMEDIATE PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

Sirs:

Contrary to the impression in your *Editors & Discernments* piece, "Adults of Their" (53, June 41, there was no secret California football feud in 1953. When I first ran for elective office, I mailed a brochure to some 48,000 constituents stating that I was a member of the Southern California Educational Foundation. I have never felt there was any reason to be secretive about the foundation, ...

I never mentioned I was a trustee of the foundation. I have never been an officer and never claimed to be. I cannot even recall talking to Mr. Krenshaw, the woman quoted, as literally hundreds of people called me to find out who I was when I was running the first time. But certainly I never called her at any time.

I also never have informed anyone that the foundation was an "on campus" organization. To anyone who asked I said that the foundation was composed primarily of USC alumni whose purpose was to help students through school. The foundation is not restricted to athletes or to USC, ...

The Pacific Coast Conference must have had knowledge for at least several years of the operation of booster clubs throughout the Pacific Coast. Representatives of the various groups appeared before the conference and specifically indicated that it was impossible for any student to live in a metropolitan area for \$25 a month unless complete dormitory facilities were available. The conference in refusing to adjust the prohibitive monthly income to achieve deliberately laid the groundwork for the current situation. Is there morality



in establishing and enforcing regulations which insist on less than minimum food, clothing and shelter?

JOSEPH C. BULL
State Assemblyman
Sacramento, Calif.

THE CARE AND FEEDING OF TINY THINGS Sins:

In our country it's neighborhood boys (we call)—not tomatoes—that bring in the wild hares (OUTDOOR WEEK, June 4).

We live on the edge of the woods, and thus, for the past five years or so, have raised a procession of tiny furry and feathered things lacking parental care for one reason or another. And all, with the exception of a rare-born field mouse so rare you could see its viscera through its transparent pink skin, with success, on the basic principle that if you keep them warm and keep their bellies full they'll make out. And so let them go, when the time comes.

For the young hares, we fashioned a succession of large cardboard-box crates, changing "houses" every few days for six-



JOEL CONNELLY & BEAST

vicious reasons. Boxes were taped together and all covered but one, allowing room for exercise and opportunity to hide—very necessary with young wild things. Through the open box, we watched them for frequent feedings and were able to replenish the hot water in their private heating system: a gallon cider jug wrapped in old flannel sheeting and shirts.

Nice point with baby wildlings: they grow up fast, need your care desperately for just a short period of time.

In three weeks they could jump out of anything, including four-toe-high padding cases, and I was spending my days and nights loitering around the house after them with a trout net. We never attempted to tame them, considering that any favor they felt toward humanity would be an eventual handicap. When they'd reached obvious rabbit adolescence, we took them to a kind of hare-heaven—an abandoned farm thick with clover—where we turned them loose.

MRS. JOSEPH CONNELLY
Bellingham, Wash.

● The foster parents of OUTDOOR WEEK's rabbits report that their charges too grew up fast and as of this week are back in the hare-heaven of Manaronek's woods.—ED.

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PAT ON THE BACK

TOURING RACKETEERS

These four Harvard court-tennis stars form the nucleus of the team to represent the U.S. in the first international intercollegiate competition in France and England next month. Three Yales and one Princeton complete the squad. The centuries-old game is being revived in this country by Ivy League enthusiasts; Harvard swept this year's tournament 18-1. Left to right are Nicholas Ludington Jr., Edward Harding, Randall Hackett and John Mortimer.

THE NINE ZENDERS

The Deming (Wash.) Loggers semipro team in the Northwest League is a family affair, comprising the nine Zender brothers, all redheaded, and ranging in age from Jim, 16, to Pete, 34. All nine also golf, fish, swim and play basketball in winter, and work for the family logging business (Zee Brothers). Last year they lost the Northwest pennant by one game. Standing (left to right) are Peis, Nick, John, Lawrence, Jake, Dan, Jim and Bernie. In front: Dick.





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